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CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE	245-248
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
The New "Protestant Reformation"—A Far	
Away Christmas—The Klan in Maine—A	
Pioneer in the Bush.....	249-256
COMMUNICATIONS	256-257
EDITORIALS	
The Supreme Court and Religious Authority—	
Senator Walsh on "Nationalized Education"—	
Popular Literature—Another Censorship.....	258-260
LITERATURE	
Close of the Ten Best Books Symposium—A	
Summons to the Colleges—The Crib's Trouba-	
dour—Reviews—Books and Authors	260-264
EDUCATION	
Newman and Catholic Colleges.....	265-266
SOCIOLOGY	
Building Conditions and the Home.....	266-267
NOTE AND COMMENT.....	267-268

Chronicle

Home News.—The first victory for the Administration on the tax question was won on December 19 when the House Committee of Ways and Means decided by a vote of 15 to 8 to consider first the Administration features of the Mellon tax plan, and to take up afterward the question of reporting out a bonus bill. Two Democrats joined with thirteen Republicans in the majority vote of the committee. There will be a Republican congressional conference after the Christmas holidays, and the Republican members of the Ways and Means committee will ask their party to take up the question whether a bonus bill will be considered at this session. The lobbyist of the "soldiers' bloc" claims that if the bill comes on the floor of Congress, it will have in its favor 80 per cent of the House and sixty-eight Senators. Meanwhile, Secretary Mellon had ordered the experts of the Treasury to estimate the probable cost of a bonus bill. On their report, Mr. Mellon declares that if the bill is the one vetoed by Mr. Harding, it will cost the country \$5,400,000,000, with an average for the first four years of \$225,000,000. This, says Mr. Mellon, will prevent "any reduction of Federal taxes on a comprehensive plan in this generation."

Tax Revision Wins Victory

The latest overture of the Russian Soviets for recognition by the United States was flatly rebuffed by this Government. The answer of Secretary Hughes was not even a diplomatic note, but took the form of a "statement" to be transmitted through the American consul at Reval to Tchitcherin, Soviet Commissary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Hughes makes it clear that he is speaking in the name of the President, and states that there is at this time no reason for negotiations. "The American Government, as the President said in his message to Congress, is not proposing to barter away its principles." Once again Mr. Hughes makes it clear what conditions must precede any talk of recognition. Russia must be ready to restore the confiscated property of Americans, to repeal the decree repudiating Russia's obligations to this country and appropriately recognize them. "It requires," said Mr. Hughes, "no conference or negotiations to accomplish these results." In his note Mr. Hughes referred to the continued Red propaganda going on in this country, and later he specified his allegations by making public the instructions sent by Zinovieff, President of the Communist International, to communists in this country. The Government is being challenged by Senators Borah and Norris on the floor of the Senate to produce more proofs of Soviet propaganda in the United States, and this led Senator Lodge on December 20 to announce that a sweeping investigation will be made by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs into Red activities in this country. It is probable that the State Department will publish more facts in its possession on this question.

Rebuff for Soviets

Austria.—On November 12 the Republic of Austria celebrated its fifth birthday. From a wee, sickly infant it has grown up into a tolerably hearty child, though not yet an entirely healthy one. It has been remarkably successful in stabilizing its currency and is lustily grappling with new problems. The President of the National Bank, Dr. Richard Reich, recently stated in a lecture that twenty-six per cent of Austria's outstanding banknotes were covered by gold and reliable foreign money. Unemployment has been lessened during the last months. Besides, as the General Commissary, Dr. Zimmermann explains, the Austrian statistics of unemployment are not to be considered in quite the same light as those of other

After Five Years of the Republic

European nations. These nations support large armies besides their unemployed, whereas in Austria the doles served out to the latter are very nearly the only public charge which does not pay for productive labor. Yet Dr. Seipel is facing a critical situation just now. The state officials and employes on one side and the metal-workers on the other demand higher wages on the plea that they cannot live on their present pay. The former constitute a large part of the middle-classes, while the second group includes most of the manual laborers, the Austrian industry consisting mostly of metal works.

In the mean time the National Council has passed a bill for the stamping of new coins which will impress upon the population the value of the stabilized krone. Silver coins are to be struck with the value of one shilling, which is to be equivalent to 10,000 kronen; half a shilling, or 5,000 kronen and double shillings, or 20,000 kronen. Two bronze coins are to represent respectively 100 and 200 kronen. Besides there are to be nickel coins of 1,000 and 2,000 kronen. The names of the silver coins, "one shilling," etc., are to accustom the population to reckon with lower figures and to respect them. The word "shilling," our correspondent adds, comes from the Germanic *skellan* meaning to sound, and recalls best the idea of "clinking" coined money.

Another subject that is engaging the attention of Austrians at present is the intensive cultivation of the soil. At present the agriculture of Austria does not entirely satisfy fifty per cent of the wants of the population, yet the country has enough soil to supply most of the demands for corn, meat, fat, sugar, and all the necessary potatoes, milk, fruits and vegetables. The General Commissary, Dr. Zimmermann, recommends a more thorough training for those who are to enter the agricultural career and especially the establishment of model farms, which are to act as agricultural and dairy farming schools. Such ideas had previously been discussed by Austrian experts, but they led to no results, because the necessary funds were not available.

Germany.—In the food-credit plea laid before the Allied Reparations Commission, Germany states that past experience made plain the need of the importation of about 1,500,000 tons of bread cereals up to August, 1924. The purchase and importation of this wheat cannot be delayed, inasmuch as it will take several months before it can actually be distributed to the consumers. Foreign purchases must moreover be distributed over a considerable period or the rise in prices would be enormous. But for the purchase of this grain, the note states, Germany is dependent on foreign credit. Moreover, an importation of 70,000 tons of fats will be a vital necessity between January and August, 1924. In further explanation the Reich's credit plea adds:

Credit negotiations, which for the reasons set forth above have already been opened, have revealed the fact that foreign banks

in principle are prepared to grant credit to the amount of \$50,000,000 to \$70,000,000 for a period of three years, but they will only give credit on condition that it is given over Germany's reparations obligations.

The German Government therefore has the honor to request that the Reparations Commission declare in principle that three years' credit to an amount not exceeding \$70,000,000 for the purchase of bread cereals and fats may, in accordance with Paragraph 2, Article 251 of the Treaty of Versailles, be granted priority over Germany's reparation obligations.

The note concludes with a request that in view of the urgency of the situation the Reparations Commission come to a conclusion as quickly as possible.

Whatever may appear in the press there is no doubt as to the facts. The Federal Council of Churches issues the statement based on impartial investigation, that: "Before the winter is far advanced millions in Germany will be confronted with starvation to a degree quite beyond anything which has yet been imagined in this country. This is clear from the official Catholic publications and the correspondence that reaches us constantly. Expressive of the misery of the entire middle class is the statement before us from a baker's wife that at least from eight to ten students come to her door each day begging for a slice of bread. The *Katholische Korrespondenz* appeals to all Germans who may be able to give help, asking that: "As long as any flour and potatoes, that can be shared, remain in German kitchens and cellars, the obligation exists of seeing to it that no one die of hunger or cold, no one end in despair, no one seek his death in despondency." "Never," writes a Religious, "did I see so many joyless people whose brows were so deeply furrowed with misery and affliction." All interest in better things has been lost by them. The only wonder, he adds, is that there have not been even far more violence and destruction.

Great Britain.—Consequent upon the general election, in which none of the three parties obtained a clear majority and no mandate to the Government was given by the electors, the political situation continues troubled, and speculation as to the future is varied and contradictory.

The Political Situation

From the tone of the press comment, it is becoming increasingly clear that the Conservative Party, remaining under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin, will retain power for the opening of Parliament on January 6. Rumors of coalition of the Conservatives with one or other of the minority parties have been consistently denied. Since the Conservatives unassisted will be unable to pass any of the measures of their Protectionist program, political leaders declare that Mr. Baldwin, at an early date, will surrender the Government to one of the minority parties. According to Constitutional procedure, an invitation to form a Government would then be tendered to the official opposition, the Labor Party under the leadership of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Heretofore, the Laborites had declared that they would not assume power unless they had the support of a majority. But after a recent meeting of

Labor leaders, it was asserted that the Labor Party was not only not averse to accepting the Government but would actively seek that responsibility. Speculation as to the course to be pursued by Labor in assuming the Government for the first time is diverse. The moderates are in favor of a policy of conciliation; extremists insist on the presentation of the advanced Labor program which would insure defeat and an appeal to the country. This would entail the dissolution of Parliament and another general election. But public sentiment is openly against such an event and upon the defeat of Labor in Parliament, the Government would be offered to the Liberals, with Mr. Asquith as leader. Liberal papers are pointing out the exceptional opportunities now enjoyed by the Asquith-Lloyd George party in being able to swing support from one to the other of the stronger parties and thus in great measure control the Government. However, they brand as "silly talk" the rumors that the Liberals will effect a fusion with either the Laborites or the Conservatives.

Greece.—George II, King of the Hellenes, who succeeded his father, King Constantine, on the latter's abdication and has reigned since September 22, 1922, has been requested by the Greek Government, at the head of which is Premier Gonatas, to withdraw from Greece, temporarily at least, until the form of government for the country has been finally determined by the Greek Assembly. The decision was notified to the King on December 18. On the following day, the monarch, accompanied by the Queen, Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, sailed from the Piraeus, his final destination being Bucharest, but his immediate objective, Kustandji, Rumania.

In an official statement explaining its action, the Government made it known that it considered it necessary for the King to leave Greece until the decision of the Greek Assembly had been registered, which would choose the régime best suited for the welfare of the country at the present time. In replying to this demand, King George declared that he would conform with its suggestions "made under pressure from the army and the navy and the Democratic party." Although the King had kept aloof from politics, he was anxious that the National Assembly should reach an unbiased decision on the constitutional question, and was convinced that the people would freely express their verdict. This action follows the elections of December 16, in which the Royalists were badly defeated by the Liberals and Republicans, in which parties the Venizelists exercise a strong influence. The militarists found it impossible to try to sway the extreme elements in these parties from their designs to banish the son of the unpopular Constantine in order to pave the way for the return of Venizelos and the establishment of a republican régime. Admiral Coundouriotis has been appointed Regent of the Kingdom until the verdict of the Assembly

is known. He filled a similar role in 1920. He was sworn into office by Colonel Plastiras, head of the military junta. Venizelos, for whom there seems to be a considerable and seemingly popular demand, is now in Paris. He has as yet given no formal reply to the requests made to him to make known his intentions in the present crisis.

Ireland.—Another manifestation of the intolerance and intimidation practised by the Northeastern counties was given during the campaign which preceded the recent English elections. The only part of Ireland directly concerned with the elections were the six counties in which thirteen representatives were to be chosen for the Westminster Parliament. While in England the issue before the electors was that of Free Trade and Protection, there was scarcely a mention made of these programs in Ulster. The only issue was that of the boundary dispute and that England "should not let Ulster down." Accordingly the Belfast leaders strongly supported the Conservative Party inasmuch as Mr. Baldwin's Government was known to be averse to taking steps toward the establishment of the Boundary Commission, according to the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Opposition to the Labor and Liberal parties was bolstered up by playing upon Orange fears that these parties would bring about the compulsory absorption of Ulster in the Free State. In Tyrone and Fermanagh, where the sentiment in favor of the Free State and the Republic is strongest, special virulence was shown by the Ulster Government. Though the Belfast leaders early in the campaign admitted that these two constituencies would be lost to them, they nevertheless employed terrorist tactics against the Catholic voters. The Manchester *Guardian* is authority for the statements that "the houses of Catholic electors in Tyrone have been raided at night by gangs of masked men and armed men who warned the occupiers that if they dared to vote they would have to take the consequences" and that "some of the police themselves appear to be taking a hand in the game." Despite these outrages, the results of the election in the two counties show that a majority of the people are opposed to the partition of Ireland and are in favor of union with the Government of Southern Ireland.

In the Free State, the release of the political prisoners still holds the center of the stage. According to an official statement of the Minister of Defense there are at the present time, 4,955 untried prisoners in military custody. The number released since November 1 was 2,647, including the 714 set free since the termination of the hunger strike. In the Dail, a Public Safety Bill, extending the powers of the Free State Ministry to arrest and detain without trial persons deemed guilty of specified offenses, passed its second reading. The offenses enumerated in the bill include not only incitement to, or assisting in, a revolt against the State, and wearing without author-

Terrorism in Ulster

Retention of Prisoners

ity any police or military uniform, but also the possession of arms or explosives, robbery, arson or destruction of property. The untried prisoners now in the prisons and internment camps are held by authority of a special statute given to the Ministry. This statute expires on February 1, and the Free State Government is seeking the extension of its powers for another year, because, according to the Ministry, public safety demands it. The measure was vigorously attacked by the Labor minority in the Dail.

Mexico.—No military action of any importance has as yet taken place between the Federal forces under Obregon and the rebel troops following Generals Sanchez and

*Rumors of a
Compromise*

Estrada, and fighting for the claims of Adolpho de la Huerta. There have been continued reports of small engagements and of marching and counter-marching around San Marcos and Puebla, but it is almost impossible to specify what were the results as both the insurgents and Federals lay claim to the victory. The outcome of the week's fighting seems to be negative; the Huertistas made no decided gains and President Obregon does not seem anxious to engage just now on any serious offensive, but only to hold his enemies at bay.

A hopeful piece of news came from Vera Cruz, December 21. It was to the effect that on December 20, General Guadalupe Sanchez, insurgent chief of military operations against the Obregon Government, had gone to Esperanza to confer with General Maycotte and other rebel leaders of the States of Puebla and Oaxaca, on a plan for terminating the conflict. The news is reported on the authority of the Vera Cruz paper *El Dictamen*. With General Sanchez went Senator Raphael Capmany, one of the principal civil leaders united with De la Huerta, whom he represents at the conference. It is commonly reported that military and civil leaders of the revolutionary movement are said to be under the impression that a solution of the controversy is near. For several days negotiations have been going on between the military chiefs of both camps in order to discover a formula which would bring about a termination of hostilities without further bloodshed and assure the reestablishment of national peace.

Rome.—Pope Pius XI held a secret consistory, December 20, for the creation of two new Cardinals. Both prelates thus honored are Italians, Mgr. Evaristo Lucidi,

*The Consistory:
New Cardinals*

Papal auditor, and Mgr. Aurelio Galli, secretary of briefs to princes, a distinguished Latin scholar, whose principal duty it is to draw up nearly all of the important Latin documents emanating from the Vatican. The secret consistory precedes the public session, in which the Cardinals are formally created, by a few days. At this secret meeting only the Pope and the College of Cardinals are allowed to be present. The public consistory will be held December 23. It will be attended not only by the Cardinals and the Pope, but also by the entire Papal court,

the Papal nobility, the members of the old Roman families, the diplomatic corps at the Vatican and chosen guests.

At the secret consistory of December 20, the Holy Father addressed the Cardinals in what was an unusually brief allocution. Grief at the unsettled condition of affairs in Europe, but rejoicing at the evidences of increased and strengthened religious faith, formed the keynote of the Holy Father's words. The Pope expressed his sorrow at the murder of Cardinal Soldevilla y Romero, Archbishop of Saragossa, who was the victim of an atrocious and sacrilegious crime. In speaking of the condition of European affairs, the Holy Father said:

When you turn to consider the internal and external conditions of European peoples, especially with reference to peace, you must agree that unhappily they have not changed for the better. The note which we addressed to our Cardinal Secretary of State, out of a sentiment of paternal love, has not had the effect which he had hoped, though it did accomplish something.

The Pope here evidently referred to the letter to Cardinal Gasparri, which had caused so much stir, in which he had protested against the conditions arising out of the occupation of the Ruhr. The Pope added that there still seemed to be too much bitterness and division of spirits, that the penury and the need suffered by the peoples which were afflicted, not only still existed, but seemed to be on the increase. He commented with satisfaction on the way in which his appeals for suffering humanity had been answered. Other causes for rejoicing enumerated, were the faith and the religious spirit shown at the Eucharistic Congresses in Paris and Genoa, and on the centenaries of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Josaphat. The Holy Father also expressed his satisfaction at the Christian spirit and devotion shown by the King and Queen of Spain during their recent visit to the Vatican. He was also overjoyed at being able to announce that from the reports from Cardinal Logue and from other sources, the Vatican understands that the Irish question is on the eve of a final settlement. He deplored the imprisonment of Archbishop Cepliak in Soviet Russia.

The first article in this week's issue of AMERICA deals with the general aspects of the burning controversy in the Protestant sects between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists, and shows how ill-equipped are the former to deal with the heretical doctrines of the latter. Next week and the following, the Virgin Birth itself will be explained and defended.

Brother Leo is well known to the readers of AMERICA as an enjoyable writer and a keen critic of literature. They will welcome his paper next week on Bret Harte, the Chronicler of Poker Flat, and of characters and places in Brother Leo's own California.

The daily press is more and more occupying the attention of thoughtful men. Father Treacy, S.J., will discourse pleasantly next week on one aspect of the question.

The New "Protestant Reformation"

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

IT is surely to be regretted that just at the holy season of Christmas, the Protestant Episcopal Church should be torn with sudden dissension on the subject, of all things, of the Virgin Birth of Christ. On the Third Sunday of Advent Dr. Leighton Parks dramatically took off his vestments and "proclaimed his freedom," as one paper put it. Dr. Guthrie has for several Sundays past conducted "services" which are frankly pagan in thought, word and deed. Dr. Grant, whose denial of the Divinity of Christ is notorious, agrees with Dr. Parks. Dr. Karl Reiland reaffirms his own particular position of independence of his Bishop. The Unitarians rejoice and hold out a friendly hand. On the same day Dr. Barry doubtless "said Mass" at St. Mary's and the *Living Church*, which came out a day later, restated the traditional Episcopalian position that denial of the Virgin Birth disqualifies a minister of the Church. To an outsider it looks as if whatever unity the Episcopal Church had is gone. Even the limits of its generous "inclusiveness" have proved too strait.

Though the lid blew off with startling suddenness, the pot has been coming to a boil for a long time. The particular occasion for this latest of the periodical crises in that sect, was the pastoral letter of sixty Bishops on November 16, in which they unanimously declared that belief in the Creed and the Virgin Birth is essential for membership in their Church. They even went so far as to publish this declaration to the world in an edict that seemed to have some stiffness in it, and the news of the consequent rebellion broke out all over the front pages of the newspapers, to the scandal and sorrow of sincere and simple Christians. For the first time in a long while one heard religion discussed in the New York subway.

What is it all about? The newspaper reader knows it is a "fight to a finish" between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists. One paper calls it a new Protestant Reformation. One hears vaguely that the Modernists' is the party of freedom and progress and the Fundamentalists' that of tradition and reaction. The Modernists, as their name implies, make an appeal to the spirit of the age, to progress, to the results of science, and assert that new truths are constantly being revealed by God's Spirit in the Church. It seems to matter little to them that the "new truths" are merely old denials, that the progress they want is away from results solidly achieved, that science cannot disprove the higher truths, that the age is in need precisely of more Christianity, not of a Christianity whittled down by ever new denials, to ever less and less of Christ's own religion. The enticing call of novelty will

disturb and unsettle a generation that is accustomed to believe that what is new is good and what is "scientific" is true.

The Fundamentalists look on Christianity as a system, with the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement as the central essential points, and they look on the denial of any of these points as an attempt to destroy the very system itself. And finally they see, as we do, that denial of the Virgin Birth is merely another word for denial of the Divinity of Christ and the rest of the Christian system. To the Fundamentalist, the Modernist, whatever he may call himself, is certainly not a Christian.

It has been made to appear that this struggle is for "liberty of conscience." That is certainly a slogan that ought to appeal to every good American, especially to those who do not know what it means. And as a matter of fact, we find the Fundamentalists, through the Bishops, trying to dictate to the others what they must hold in matters of doctrine. We find the Modernists proclaiming their freedom, and the right of each one to follow the lead of his reason, whatever any man may command him to believe. But the root of the matter is, as was pointed out in these columns on September 8, that there is no real fundamental difference between the two parties. They stand on common ground. Each party starts from the same principle, a principle that not only destroys the stand of the other party but is self-destructive as well. It is the fundamental principle of Protestantism itself.

What is that principle? It has been variously described as the "right of private judgment," "free interpretation of the Bible," "freedom of conscience." Using this principle the first Protestants threw off the authority of the Church to which they belonged, but retained in a sense the authority of the Bible and of a creed. The new Protestants, using the same principle, have thrown over the authority of the Churches to which they belong, and that of the Bible and the creed as well. The Fundamentalists are striving to cling to doctrines which the first Protestants retained from the old Church. The new Protestants, the "liberals," are throwing away those doctrines, too; but, and this is the point, in doing that they are merely true to Protestantism. One might be tempted to say that the Modernists are the only true and logical Protestants. They see that there was no real reason for stopping at the first process of throwing over the old dogmas, and they are simply continuing that process to its predestined end. We today are merely assisting at a phenomenon which has reproduced itself all along the course of history, the progressive dissolution of the Protestant sects into ever new

and smaller divisions. This dissolution is inherent in Protestantism itself. It arises from the fundamental principle of Protestantism, held by Fundamentalists and Modernists alike.

But there is something more sinister in these incidents than that. The Modernists, brought up in Protestantism, have at last revealed to the light of day what always was at the bottom of the Protestant doctrine of private judgment applied to the religion of Christ. This principle, which has divided and subdivided Protestantism, is now seen to be what Catholics always claimed it to be, and what Kant in his philosophy proclaimed it to be, namely, the supremacy of the human reason over Divine Revelation, and the consequent denial of all supernatural truth. From this specter, which has always haunted Protestantism, and is now revealed clearly to men's eyes, the Protestant Bishops recoiled in horror and they attempted to exorcise it. The Modernists in their turn pointed out that in doing this the Bishops had exceeded their power, that in seeking to impose by authority certain doctrines on a sect which by definition has a right to its own judgment on those very doctrines, they had denied their own fundamental principle. Now however, that conservative men see what that principle leads to, the denial of Christianity itself, they are alarmed. But one cannot have the cake and eat it, too; either each one is free in these matters, and then there is no Revelation, or the Christian is not free to believe what he likes, and then there is no Protestantism. In defying the authority of the Bishops, the Modernists have done the world a service. They have shown it what the Protestant principle, logically carried out, must come to. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system.

If the Christian religion is a Revelation from God, it must come to us on authority that derives from Christ who made the Revelation. To assert that men must accept only what human reason can find out for and by itself, is of course to deny that we can know anything on authority, and thus to deny the revealed truths of Christianity. It is true that human reason has proved that a Divine Revelation is possible and can be known by men, and there precisely the whole Modernist position falls down. It is our reason, based on the historical facts, that brings us to see that a Revelation was actually made by Christ. Sound modern critical science guides and fortifies this process. But after we find where that Revelation is and what it is, our reason is transcended. It is precisely the function of a Revelation to tell us what reason cannot find out for itself. The point of it all is this: we can know what that Revelation is only from a Divine authority, furnished with credentials subject to the test of reason. But it is precisely that Divine authority which both the Modernists and the Fundamentalists have rejected. It is the same authority which keeps the Catholic Church one, holy, Catholic and apostolic. It is the presence of the Holy Spirit, infallibly guiding the successors of the Apostles, which has kept Christ's Revelation intact.

A Far Away Christmas

CHARLES PHILLIPS

"CHRIST be praised!" said the tall officer with the dark eyes and the distinguished Van Dyke beard as he opened his arms to embrace his far-away guest. The fat peasant housemaid who had let the stranger in was waddling down the hall, and as she waddled she made a sort of joyous little exclamation which seemed as if it were an echo of the Colonel's greeting.

And so it was. The far-away guest (who was myself) should have responded to his host's salutation "Forever and forever!" "Christ be praised!" "Forever and forever!" The peasant servant was making the response for me. I was too much of a "faraway" to know.

Late that afternoon we took a walk through the Planty, the wooded park which circles the old or inner city and marks the line of the medieval walls; the Colonel, the Colonel's Lady, little Mieczek, aged three, and I, the far-away. There was no snow. Something had happened to the blasts which usually whistle down the Vistula from the white peaks of the Tatry at this season. Instead, the Planty was mild and green, the air so soft that one almost listened in the early dusk for the song of the nightingales which, in summer time, haunt these ancient paths. From the Planty we turned through the arched tower of St. Florian's Gate and came to the Rynek, the chief market place—and there indeed came a blast to greet us, a blast from the merry horn of Father Christmas. What color, what movement, what life and gaiety was in that crowded square! Always, at every turn, the center of interest was the "szopka" or Miracle-show, the miniature theater depicting in carved wood and painted cardboard the Story of Bethlehem. Poor is the home in Poland that does not display its "szopka" at Christmastide; if not purchased, then made at home. They are often really remarkable works of the art of hand-carving and coloring, the figures of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, of the Divine Child and the angels, the shepherds and their sheep, the kings and their gifts, being most beautifully made, with the details of starry skies and snowy roofs, of manger and ox and ass, worked out with exquisite and loving skill.

We went home that evening with three-year-old Mieczek fairly dizzy with delight over his new Miracle. Even his little squeals of excitement a few hours later—after our vigil dinner of herrings and bread, when the doors were thrown open and he was let run to the lighted tree—were suddenly hushed at the renewed sight of that still wonderful new Miracle.

The snow began in the night, as we were making our way to Midnight Mass. Just as we came to the dark stone wall and the high-posted iron gate which let us into the Fourteenth Century chapel where the Colonel's young brother-in-law was to be celebrant; just at that moment when all was hushed in the unfrequented street, and we had even left behind us the tall houses with their Bethlehem

candles and their bright trees displayed in the windows to cheer passersby, just then came a crash!—a crash of startlingly sweet sound, of lofty music; not of bells, but of a bugle, somewhere high and away in the midnight air. It was the "hejnał," the trumpeter of Panna Marya, announcing not only the midnight hour (as it has been announced from that same tower for four hundred years and more) but proclaiming the birth of Christmas Day. High, sweet, remote, a voice of spun silver playing a rippling scale, that ethereal aria broke on the night. Then, in a moment, all the bells of Krakow began to answer in concordant chorus.

Our little medieval chapel was very little. Shadow was thick about us, broken only by the smoking glow of two huge candelabra with their tiny lights offering up their flamelike souls before the altar. That was all the light, except the tall Mass candles. But yes, there was one other light, a candle for the organist, a fat sputtering flame set on the little harmonium which stood outside the Communion railing on the epistle side. A rather busy and officious candle that was, as if it were thrilled with its very special and separate role; and the organist—he was medieval too, a faded little old church mouse, tiptoeing to his place. His backward chin and his forward moustache, picked out in the candle's glare, showed up grotesquely, like a gargoyle's, as he played and sang, quite alone, all through the service.

There was a crib too, at the altar gates, but with only the figure of the Bambino in it, the most natural and comfortable Bambino I have ever seen outside of a nursery. Lying back on the straw, he seemed to say that life taken easy is life at its best; he seemed to know it was holiday time. Once when I peered through the shadows at him, I could have sworn that he had just put his fat thumb into his mouth and was sucking it with deep satisfaction.

Christmas morning next—morning of mornings, beautiful the world around with happy cries of children, with the hush of intimate memories and the quiet greetings of friends . . . and very beautiful to me that far off day when the tall Colonel and I, after Mass in the little church just behind the civic theater, where Madame Modjeska used to worship daily, the old pastor told us, walked through the light snow to the cemetery to remember the dead, to pluck a spray from Modjeska's grave for her family in America, and to behold the graves all about us decked with fresh green and flowers, and on some of them, the small graves of children, most pathetic sight of all, little lonely Christmas trees gaily festooned with toys and trinkets.

Then home again to the Christmas dinner, the bare table of the vigil replaced now with smoking roasts, sweet pastries, the spicy "*strucla*" cake, "*miod*" brewed from the honeycomb, exotic breads stuffed with black poppy-seed, figs, nuts, even oranges, oranges in war-stricken Poland for the first time in half a dozen years!

Host, guests, and servants all stood about the table as

the beautiful old rite of the breaking of the bread was performed. Then, if ever, one felt how sacred a thing the Christmas holiday is among these people; for this Polish Christmas bread, snow-white, unleavened and almost transparent, although cut in squares, is stamped with a circular stamp looking very much like the blessed species of the Holy Eucharist. With each guest, each servant and each member of the family the host breaks this bread, with each one of them partaking of it after the salutations and Christmas wishes are exchanged. "Christ be praised!" is on every lip. "Forever and forever!" Then the merry feast begins.

But what is this that peeps so roughly out from under the fine antique table linen, drawn from the housewife's treasure chest only at Christmas and Easter and great family festivals? It is straw, the Bethlehem straw of the Polish Christmas. Without this symbol of Christ's nativity and his poverty no board in the land would be spread, no matter how rich or how poor. In those hard post-war days in Poland there were indeed Christmas tables set without fine linen, and with meager fare. But be sure, the straw was there!

In his high-chair sits Mieczek, his big brown eyes still warm, still bright with the wonder of that new Miracle. I feel those dark eyes on me, studying me, as they have, indeed studied me since the hour I came. But now at last the secret is out. After a long silence the little fellow speaks . . . and Kasik, his tall seventeen-year-old brother, home from the cadet school in his trim blue uniform, bursts into laughter. "Mieczek wants to know," the Colonel explains (and all the while those big brown eyes are still studying me) "he wants to know if you really are one of the Christmas angels?"

Another silent scrutiny of me; another word from the three-year-old; another gay laugh—in which Master Mieczek does not join. "No," the Colonel says, "he has decided after all that you are not an *aniol*—even though you do speak so strange a tongue!"

"Well," I respond, "Mieczek surely is not only one of the Wise Men, but it is quite plain that on his high throne there he is the ruler of this house—a little king!" The father translates my words for the little king; but prompt as can be he answers—quite certain now that I not only am not an *aniol*, but the most profane of creatures, perhaps even a pagan!—"Christ is the ruler of this house."

Dinner is over. The Colonel's Lady is at the piano, and guests and family gather around her to sing "*kolendy*," the old-time Christmas anthems, still preserved in their ancient sweetness and simplicity, with that minor-chorded note of sadness which sounds through so much of the music of Poland. But then comes life, vivacity, as all join in the stirring strains of "*Jeszcze Polska nie Zginęła*," "Poland is Not Yet Dead!" And in the midst of this comes the call to go to the "*szopka*," the Christmas play at the civic theater, where Mieczek will see his Miracle come to life. Nativity dramas are one of the

principal features of Christmastide in Poland, replacing for weeks at a time the secular drama in many of the theaters.

"*Pastoralka*" is the name of this play; and it alone proves itself worth traveling from far away to see. For it is actually one of the ancient "Mysteries" of the Middle Ages, kept alive through the long centuries since the drama was born in the sanctuary; and though it is produced now with many elaborations of modern scenery and costuming, it still remains an authentic document of medieval times. Beautiful music, "*kolendy*" again, the whole Christmas story lived out in an appealing reality, a touching blending of Polish and scriptural life. The shepherds of Bethlehem are "*gorali*" of the Tatry foothills, tending their flocks, singing about the herd-fire, sleeping on the green slopes. Herod is seen in all his wicked grandeur—with the face and the death's-head helmet of the Prussian Kaiser!—but with Death himself, a vivid skeleton, hovering always at his back. But the center of the scene is, of course, the crib with the Bambino lying in a real Polish cradle . . . and when the play ends with all the great personages of Poland's history bringing their gifts to Bethlehem and kneeling one by one before the Divine Child until the stage is crowded with their bright picturesque figures, there comes in the silence a sweep of emotion, a pull at the heart that makes the scene grow dim, as if through tears. Piast, the wheelwright king of

Poland, brings his wheel. Kosciuszko lays his heroic scythe at the feet of Jesus; a boy soldier, defender of Lwow against the Bolshevik, and his comrade, a girl legionary, their brows bound with blood-stained cloths, give their rifles into the Madonna's keeping. . . .

But there is comedy, too, rustic, primitive comedy, as is the manner of the medieval plays. The shepherds must also bring their gifts—one a white lambkin, his snowy neck tied with a ribbon of Polish amaranth; one a loaf of fresh bread, one a luscious heart-shaped cheese . . . and one, simple fellow, pulls out of his breast pocket a long-necked flask of *vodka*! His companions try in vain to keep him and his graceless gift in the background. But he has nothing else to give; and so, in rapture, he kneels before the Infant Jesus and offers up his bottle with a stammered prayer that "next year's vodka will be better." Thus tears and smiles play their part on the faces of the audience.

. . . I had to take the midnight train for Warsaw. The Colonel brought me to the station. "Goodbye" . . . and then once more that sudden airy music of the *hejnal* from the belfry of Panna Marya, floating out on the starry night. It is my last memory of Krakow and my faraway Christmas—the *hejnal*; the face of my friend in the crowd, the voice of my friend calling out "Christ be praised!" And I answer this time, in true Polish style, "Forever and forever!"

The Klan in Maine

J. COB KRANN

HOW does Maine come to be reckoned in the Klan Klass? Item one: a plentiful supply of vociferousness; item two: a plentiful lack of veracity; item three: a political coincidence. The Kluxers began to emit their weak cluckings in these parts about a year ago. Their clucking was amplified and broadcast throughout the land in September of this year by a political accident. Agitation had been going on in Portland for several years for the abolition of the old form of city government and the adoption of the council-manager form. The attempt had failed several times. But this year with better organization, the sponsors being a "Committee of One Hundred" with more enterprise, and with the persistent drive for several months by the only morning newspaper in the city, the adoption of the new charter was assured. Before the election its opponents admitted defeat. Here was a chance for the Klan to get a free ride to victory, or publicity. They picked the winning horse, which required the political astuteness of at least a political moron. A few days before the election they came out, not secretly, but vociferously, for the council-manager form, and filching the credit of the Noble Centurions, they proclaimed it

a Klan victory. So it was broadcast. Maine woke up the next morning and found herself famous, or infamous, as a Klan State.

At the election for the members of the council and school board, chosen at large, on December 3, came another golden opportunity for the Klan to pick winners. The Klan put no candidates in the field. Candidates with no sympathy for them, but opposed to them, were endorsed because they were winners. Candidates of known sympathy for the Klan were not endorsed by the Klan, because, forsooth, they bore not the marks of winning horses. One candidate for the school board, endorsed by the Committee of One Hundred, was likewise endorsed by the Klan; for he was a winner; but he was a man as well. He repudiated the support of the Klan in the public press. Kleagle Farnsworth in the press answered him that he had no right to repudiate the Klan; they would support him in spite of his repudiation. "Can you beat it?" This avowed anti-Klan man led the whole ticket. The one candidate of the Committee that was "scratched" by the Klan was elected in spite of them. But this manifest trouncing cannot stop their claims or their clamors.

In all this there was a vicious stirring up of the fires of bigotry. The vilest stories were circulated against Catholics, clergy and people. And in it all, like a beacon, stands out the magnanimity and self-restraint of Catholics. But why did not the decency of the city smite the Klan and repudiate their pretensions? With the exception of one Protestant minister, not one of the self-constituted or self-reputed guardians of the city's honor; not the Committee of One Hundred; not the Chamber of Commerce; not one public official; not one newspaper; not one club or society or organization already existing; not the American Legion; nor the Rotary; nor the Kiwanis; nor the Elks; nor the Federation of Protestant Ministers; not a Sunday-school or Church body raised a voice to save the city from shame.

There was one organization, born of the moment, the United Veterans, composed of ex-service men of every race and creed, that protested. Their protest took the form of a mass-meeting that filled the City Hall to overflowing, with a non-Catholic, James T. Williams, editor of the *Boston Transcript*, as the orator of the occasion. With the spirit of a Wendell Phillips he flayed the Klan; and pointed out that the ignominy and odium of the movement was on those non-Catholics, especially the ministers and Church people, for their tolerance of the unclean thing. "Those who were not against the Klan were for it." Again the United Veterans marched fifteen hundred strong on Armistice Day, and at City Hall draped with wreaths the tablets bearing the names of their dead comrades, many of them Catholics and of foreign parentage, in reparation for the insults offered them by the Klan.

But all this is about Portland. What about the rest of Maine? Well the Klan in Maine is mostly the Klan in Portland, with recruits drawn from the country districts nearby, and Maine would never have been smirched with the Klan, had it not been for the political coincidence in Portland. Up to date in a clear-cut issue there has not been a public official in all Maine elected to public office by the Klan.

The Klan in Maine is just another anti-Catholic movement for revenue only; the 1923 model of the old A. P. A. Here is the story of the personnel and doings of the Klan in these parts, as given me by a one time Klansman, in his own Klan language: "Sure I'll tell you about them; inside stuff too. I was one of the first to get into them. And say, I never saw such a bunch of mutts in all my life; honest I wouldn't spit on them. I was told it was to be a wonderful organization of the best men in the city, but it was the biggest collection of sap-heads I ever saw; not a decent man in the whole works. When I protested against the quality of them, I was told it was not my business to pass on them. You see the ten bucks of the nut is worth as much as that of the high-brow. That's the whole thing: the coin; and they are all scrapping among themselves to see who'll get the biggest whack. If any one tries to get

an accounting of the funds, he gets the axe. That's where I broke with them.

"You see Farnsworth, he's the big noise, was getting most of the fat to chew. Frinstance, at the big public meetings he pockets all the coin that's taken up from the poor boobs in the collection. I got up in one of our secret meetings and said that the money ought to go to the organization. Farnsworth said it was none of my business. The money was his, and his it would be. And he gets away with it.

"Now, there was Bill B. Bill got to talking strong; so to put the muzzle on him, they fired the treasurer from Westbrook, who was making good; yeh, he was making good money, and Bill began to get an itch in his paw. Say, the raw way they drew that poor gink from Westbrook was something wicked; right there in the meeting; with him present. But the sop and the muzzle didn't seem to put the brakes on Bill much; so they started to get the tin can ready for Bill; the doctor got a story going that Bill pinched a hundred dollars from him; but it would take more than that to pry Bill off that job; the pickings were too good.

"Then there was that guy from Bangor with the Irish name. It was understood that the man who brought in the biggest number of recruits in his territory would be leader in Maine. Well, this Bangor fellow was going so strong that Farnsworth and the doctor got jealous of him, so they gave him the raspberry. You see they're all scrapping to see who'll get the biggest chunk of the fat. And liars? Say, who was that fellow? Yeh, Munchausen; that's him; well he didn't have anything on these birds.

"When they were claiming to have 10,000 members round Portland, they didn't have 300; and they had just twenty-eight members round Bangor when they were claiming 500. I bet they haven't got 3,000 members in all Maine now. And the stories they get away with. Honest it's wicked; all that immoral stuff about convents, etc. I never fell for that stuff, though; but the crowd swallows it. And the K. of C. oath? Don't they prove it by showing it's in the *Congressional Record*? Of course, they don't say how it got there. They believe the Pope is being driven out of Europe and is coming to Washington; why, they tell them they have seen the place in Washington that's all ready for him; and a Catholic is going to be elected president, and then will begin the slaughter of all the Protestants in the land, if the Klan doesn't save them. Believe it? Of course they believe it. Say, there's a brighter crowd down in the Insane Asylum than that bunch of nuts!

"How do they get the crowds at the public meetings? Well, if you started a fight up in the square, you'd draw a crowd, wouldn't you? Well, that's what the crowd goes for: to see the Pope and the Bishop and the priests get a few wallops; and the ginks are willing to pay for it. No, they haven't got many members, but, believe me,

they've got a lot of sympathizers. You Catholics were wise not to oppose them. They were looking for that. You see that would start something: excitement, interest, and so the crowds and the coin, and the claim they had a big membership and power.

"Just the same, some of the wise ones fell for it. This Brewster, that's running for Governor; we put that bug in his ear. And the Governor fell for it too. You see they got the Governor worried, charging that he was in league with Catholics. The Governor asked to meet some of us; Brewster arranged the meeting. A year or so ago the Governor came out in a proclamation opposed to the Klan, didn't he? Said it was unwholesome, un-American, unjust, etc.? Yeh, but what does he say now? They are nice, law-abiding citizens. Gee, Brewster and the Governor were easy. You see, if a few holler loud enough, they'll think its a crowd." And so on and on with the "inside stuff" of the knights of the double cross.

And Farnsworth? Well, during the summer the *Boston Herald* wrote up the Klan in Maine, and according to the *Herald* report Farnsworth first came into the light of fame as apprentice to a barber, bearing the soubriquet of "Lady" in St. Stephen, N.B. For a time he beat the bass drum in the Salvation Army in that town. Later he appeared as hypnotist in different cities in New England, putting his patients to sleep, in shop windows. In the case of one Thomas Bolton at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, when a sceptic declared that Bolton, whose neck was resting on the top of one chair, and his feet resting on the other, was merely feigning slumber, as a test, a large flat stone was placed on the patient's chest, and a blacksmith hit the stone a terrific blow with a hammer. The patient never came out of his trance; at least in this life. Farnsworth was arrested on a charge of manslaughter, and jailed for a time, but on the motion of the city solicitor the case was discontinued. Later he was photographer for a newspaper; and again appeared as a lecturer with colored slides. This did not pay too well. Then he broke into the moving picture game with a studio at Medford, Massachusetts. His chief stars were the notorious Jack Rose, Sam Shepps and Harry Valon all three implicated in the Herman Rosenthal murder. These stars failed to give light or cash to Farnsworth, and his next venture was as president of the Society Players Film Co. in Medford.

The *Herald* report declares that although it is alleged that hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stock was sold, yet the venture brought the stockholders more sorrow than it did negotiable collateral. But Farnsworth's chief claim to fame was to become King Kleagle at so much per. Mountebanks, for money, can feed morons (Barnum called them by another name) with fe-fi-fo-fum-goblin stuff for a time. But Lincoln has said it, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

The worst of it is that the other part seems to be true, too. "You can fool some of the people all the time."

A Pioneer in the Bush

JAMES KELLY, PH.D.

DURING this month, the Right Reverend Matthew Gibney, Titular Bishop of Balanaea, will celebrate the diamond jubilee of his arrival in Western Australia, the field of his prolific labors for over half a century and now the home of his restful old age. Eighty-eight years ago he was born in County Longford, Ireland. He made his ecclesiastical studies in that cradle of zealous missionaries, All Hallows College, Dublin, where he was ordained in June, 1863. Almost immediately after his ordination, the young priest bade farewell to his friends and set sail on the long voyage to his chosen mission, the distant Convict Settlement on the Swan River. The sailing ship *Tartar* bore him across the world, making the trip from England to Freemantle in four months. His apostolic zeal found scope even on the voyage; for the records of Perth Cathedral tell us that Father Gibney instructed and received into the Catholic Church several of his fellow passengers. Landing in Western Australia at the close of the year, he lost no time around him, but sprang at once into the arena in which he was destined to become such a noble athlete of Christ.

As a bishop he was a builder for God. One who reads the long list of churches and schools and convents that sprang up under his direction between the years 1886-1910 cannot but be amazed by the courage and foresight which they connote. These buildings mark the wonderful path of the progress of his diocese and remain as lasting monuments to the driving power of a simple faith worthy of the days when the missionaries of old left behind them forever the green shores of Erin and sought distant lands in their hunger after souls. *Peregrinari pro Christo* was his watchword as it was theirs.

The foregoing brief biographical details will be sufficient introduction to a few reminiscences of a career which seems to us to have all the greatness and the glamor of the heroic. When the writer was a student in the Irish College, Rome, Bishop Gibney came to pay his visit *ad limina*. He stayed at the Irish College, where he used to spend much of the recreation time with the alumni, chatting with them in the old garden among the oranges and lemons, and telling them simply little incidents of his life in the distant Island Continent under the Southern Cross. One student of those days never forgot the bishop's visit; and there were many who, if they were allowed, would have followed him to the ends of the earth when he left us. A paragraph in an Australian paper, announcing that Dr. Gibney was to celebrate the diamond jubilee of his arrival in Western Australia in December brought back the memory of those distant days in Rome and suggested setting down for the entertainment and edification of others an account of events which made such a deep impression on the minds of young Irish levites more than twenty-three years ago.

Let me begin by relating a personal experience of the Bishop's kindness and thoughtfulness. It happened somehow that I was told off to accompany him on his visit to St. Paul's Basilica. When we entered the church he prostrated himself on the floor and kissed the pavement, remarking simply, as he stood up: "St. Paul was the great patron of missionary priests and bishops." On the way back to the city, I pointed out to him the *Cimitero Inglese*, adding that the body of Keats and the heart of Shelley were interred there.

"Tell the driver to bring us there," he said. At first I thought he wanted to see the tombs of the English poets, just as any visitor might; but as we drove on he told me that the wife of a non-Catholic doctor whom he knew in Perth had died in Rome and was buried there. "The poor fellow will be pleased when I write and tell him that I went to see her grave," he added. After some little trouble, we found the grave, which, like many graves in that beautiful cemetery, was overgrown with violets. He gathered a few flowers carefully and in due time sent them over the seas to the bereaved husband. It was a little thing, perhaps; but it was eloquent of the Bishop's heart.

Once, during his missionary travels, he became lost in the bush. For days he rode hither and thither, but could find no way out. At last, one morning he said Mass with his last host, and, mounting his horse, threw the reins on his neck, saying: "I will leave it to you to find the way this time." The horse started off, and after some hours walked straight to the door of a settler. Father Gibney entered the house and found a girl making bread. He told her that he had been lost for days and was very hungry, whereat she set about making a huge omelette for him. Having eaten heartily of it, he thanked her and set forth on his journey. Before he had ridden very far he became sick, fell off his horse, and began to vomit. Meantime the men of the house had returned to find the girl in terror. She had put arsenic into the omelette by mistake. They hurried on after the priest and came upon him as he lay stretched on the ground, tearing up the grass convulsively with his hands and still vomiting. His herculean strength probably aided by the overdose of poison, saved him, and he was soon able to continue on his way.

Another time, during his travels, he remembered that he was near the home of a non-Catholic settler who was married to a Catholic wife. They had several children, none of them were baptised. Several priests had gone there before, but the husband had always refused to allow the children to be baptised. Soon Father Gibney found himself on the banks of a river, roaring in spate. Knowing the danger, and the probable fruitlessness of a visit, he pulled up his horse and pondered whether it was worth the risk of trying to cross. The horse made up his mind for him, and plunging in of his own accord swam across safely. When the house was reached the husband was out, and the wife said she was afraid to have the children baptised in his absence. However, she suggested that the priest

should go to bed while she dried his wet clothes at the fire. In a short time the husband returned, and after a conversation with his wife, went into the room where the priest was resting.

"Did you cross that river today to baptise the kids?"

"I did," replied the priest.

"Well, you can do it, then. It must be worth something if you took that risk." The children were of various ages, and some of them required catching. As the priest poured the water on the head of one sturdy lad, the latter shook his fist threateningly and said: "Don't you do that to me again!"

If there is an Australian novel of world-wide fame it is surely Rolf Bolderwood's "Robbery Under Arms." It is a stirring story of fiction founded on fact. Many of the incidents in the novel might be told of the famous "Kelly Gang" of bushrangers, whose leader was the indomitable Ned Kelly. No account of Bishop Gibney's eventful career would be complete without some record of his adventures in connection with the bushrangers. Travelers between Sydney and Melbourne usually have their attention called to the site of the old Glenrowan Hotel, near Albury. It was in this hostelry that the Kelly gang was surrounded one night by a large force of police, who set fire to the building and poured volley after volley of lead into the flames where the men were trapped. The noise of the firing brought to the scene Father Gibney, who happened to be in the district on business just then. He told the officer that he was going into the burning house to assist the men, some of whom were now dead or dying. The officer informed him that he must go at his own risk, refusing to order a cessation of the firing. So with the bullets whistling over his head, the priest went into the flames and ministered to some of the poor outlaws who were still alive. The leader, Ned Kelly, escaped, but was afterwards captured, being shot in the feet in spite of his heavy suit of home-made armor. When in jail, after being condemned to die, he was visited by Father Gibney, who prepared him for death and stood by him on the scaffold.

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner! There were two sides to the story of the prisoner, who chatted freely with the priest, sitting on the bed in his cell, resting his wounded feet. It is believed that revenge for an outrage on one who was dear to them prompted the deed of violence which made outlaws of the Kellys. Stories are told still of Ned's kindness to the poor, of his chivalry to women, of his mercy towards even those who would have showed none to him. It is certain that a monster petition for his reprieve was signed throughout Australia, but the Government, whose servants are said to have been the occasion of his first wrong step, had no pity, and the prisoner was hanged. There is no doubt that owing to Father Gibney's timely ministrations the bitterness of the outlaw's heart was changed to saving contrition at the end,

and that he went forth to another tribunal where the Judge is more clement than were those who condemned him.

One more incident in which the outlaw figures will close this article. At this distance of time I cannot be certain that Father Gibney told the following as his own personal experience, but I think he did. One Sunday when the priest arrived at a station where he was to celebrate Mass, the local sergeant's wife, who usually prepared the altar, whispered to him: "I am here in charge of Ned Kelly this morning." What had happened was this. The previous evening the police were seated on their verandah, chatting and smoking, when a man rode into the yard and hitched his horse. Walking quietly towards the representatives of law and order, he produced two revolvers and held up the little garrison. Having disarmed them he locked them up for the night, taking similar measures with the other members of the household. In the morning, the sergeant's wife told the captor that she had to get things ready for the Sunday's Mass. Ned had no objection, but all had to be done under his watchful eye. Next morning, he took the sergeant with him to the bank and was introduced to the manager, who at first thought it was a joke. But the evidence of a revolver soon proved that there was no joke about the matter. Having made his official visit to the safe, Ned brought the Bank officials back with him, he then ordered them and the policemen into a buggy, which he had driven some distance from the township, himself riding immediately behind it. When he thought they had come far enough for his own safety he told them they might now return in peace. He left them at a gallop, firing as he passed along the road, six revolver bullets into six successive rail posts along the fence.

Bishop Gibney is still a living link with the events of those spacious days in Australia. In his home beside the Swan River he will lay down his Breviary to welcome with his old-time hospitality the priests who love to visit him and to hear him talk of the years that are gone. With the snows of nearly ninety years crowning his brows, and with that great burden of days pressing on his giant shoulders, he lives in perfect peace with all mankind; for, like Dante, he knows the secret of peace: *In la sua voluntade e nostra pace*.

COMMUNICATIONS

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department

The Historic Ratio Studiorum

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was glad to know from Father Donnelly's article, "France Returns to Jesuit Education," in the issue of AMERICA for December 1, that some large group of intelligent people has scrapped the elective system. But it seems to me that Father Donnelly has indulged in too lyrical a cry about the revival of the *Ratio Studiorum*. Father Donnelly seems to think that the French program is equal to a revival of the *Ratio*. But when I consider what this Jesuit system of education aimed at and what it suc-

ceeded in doing I am surprised at finding such a careful writer on literature as Father Donnelly saying that here we have a return to it.

I offer a few remarks on this interesting article of last week's issue. First, the *Ratio* never allowed any student to neglect Latin in classes corresponding to our college classes. It in fact aimed at turning out a student who knew Catholic religion well and who wrote and spoke Ciceronian Latin. It aimed besides, at giving the student a complete grasp of one ancient tongue, Latin. In theory and on paper it favored Greek and Hebrew, but in practise it had to let those subjects go to pieces on the reefs of political and other circumstances. The reason of the success of Jesuit students in post-Reformation Europe I conceive to have been this. When they took up a profession they mastered it with the wholehearted thoroughness they had been forced to spend in acquiring the Latin tongue. This was the merit of the *Ratio*. It had its defects.

For instance, it struck no balance between literature and science because it almost totally neglected science. Anyhow, what science outside of the mental sciences, such as logic and psychology, existed in the century in which the *Ratio* was written? There was no chemistry, organic or inorganic, no molecular physics, no biology, no scientific history, no philology, no historical criticism.

Then, too, the *Ratio* was handicapped by its lack of modern languages. That was not its fault. German and French literature was still unwritten; Shakespeare, our greatest light, was still writing. He had been preceded by Chaucer and More, two great men, but not great enough to be called a literature.

Another defect of the *Ratio* was its weak Greek course. It did something for Greek but not very much. Histories such as Duhr's "Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Laendern Deutscher Zunge" and Paulsen's "Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts" show that Greek was as good as dead from 1600 till 1800 in Germany. Jesuits did not kill Greek; the post-Reformation conditions did. It will not do to put up the Jesuits as defenders of Greek. After all, Protestants defended it still less. The fact of the matter is this: With the first breath of the new-fangled religious theories of the sixteenth-century Greek withered and finally died about 1600. It is a legend that Greek studies received any considerable impetus from the so called Renaissance. True, more was known of Greek from 1450 till 1550 than in the century preceding. But that is all.

I think it would be better for Jesuits to claim for the *Ratio* just what history will allow us to claim. Let us recognize its great services in teaching one thing with consummate skill and devotion. But let us recognize in all truth that the *Ratio* was and is one-sided.

The Jesuit Order in its official documents has not upheld the *Ratio*. In fact, the General Congregation, whose decrees came out in 1907, definitely decided that the time had come for deciding between the *letter* of the old *Ratio* and the *spirit* of St. Ignatius. In favor of the latter it decided. It confessed that even the revised *Ratio* of 1832 cannot stand in the changed conditions in which we live.

I can scarcely agree with Reinach's statement that the Jesuits expected the students to get "moral ideas" out of the Classics. I think they relied on Catechism classes for moral ideas.

St. Louis.

A. G. B.

Intolerance in Politics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Under the heading of "Intolerance in Politics," in the issue of AMERICA for December 1, the Rev. Michael J. Dwyer replies to my communication of November 3. He loses sight, however, of its original premises, which suggest voting at elections for the most deserving, irrespective of race, politics or religion. Self-

respecting Catholics can stand on their own feet in politics and business, and need no defense.

I know only too well the history of the early Irish in Massachusetts and other States, and the hard struggle they had to offset ill-founded bigotry. But if Father Dwyer has read his Massachusetts history and has delved into as many contemporary newspapers and other authorities as I have, he will concede that the persecuted Irish Catholics in Massachusetts were helped, in surmounting the attacks of unnaturalized Orangemen, bigots and others, by decent, self-respecting Protestant citizens of the communities affected. He will also admit that struggling Irish Catholic families in Boston, Lowell, and other original settling places, were helped to get a footing in those communities by charitable, well-disposed Protestant citizens, while, in some cases, their Catholic neighbors belittled and ignored them.

From Father Dwyer's letter one would imagine that the Irish Catholics in the settlements along the Atlantic coast, especially New England, were the objects of the most bitter persecution by all Protestants in the early part of the nineteenth century. This is far from being true. In the midst of the tide of Know Nothing and Native American bigotry, when Catholics were buffeted back and forth, we find mention of distinguished Protestants, some of them eminent statesmen, who showed their charity and courtesy to the spiritual leaders of the Catholic flocks, from Maine to the Mississippi. The charity of Yankee families to poor, deserving Irish Catholic families has been but slightly touched upon—but it was nevertheless shown materially in the midst of the storms of bigotry, fomented by a class of unnaturalized anti-Catholic Scotchmen and Orangemen, not by decent American citizens.

Did space permit a long record could be given here of Protestant charity to the leaders of the Catholic flocks, in the nineteenth century, at the height of the bigoted revivals against Catholicism.

Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

Points of History

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for December 15, Mr. Anthony takes issue with some former statements of mine. If he will refer to Arnold's "History of Rhode Island," Vol. II, page 421, he will read as follows:

On July 29, 1778, Count D'Estaing, with twelve ships of the line and four frigates arrived off Newport, and blockaded the enemy. The next morning, two French ships sailed up to the north of Conanicut. The British garrison on that island withdrew to Newport, and then sought refuge in the harbor. Three British vessels, the Kingfisher of sixteen guns, and two galleys, were blown up in the east passage, or Seaconnet River, on approach of two French ships.

I did not mean to say that the prescription against Catholics was repealed in 1778, but mentioned D'Estaing's advent in Rhode Island as the contributing cause a few years later for the repeal of the law. There were no Catholics in Rhode Island even in 1783.

Brooklyn.

M. J. O'CONNELL.

What Has Prohibition Done?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Fabian Franklin, the illustrious contributing editor of the *Independent*, published a book last year entitled "What Prohibition Has Done to America." In this excellent book, Mr. Franklin, without much ado, puts his finger upon national prohibition as the chief cause of most of our current unrest and dissatisfaction. He goes right back to fundamentals, to the first principles of personal and individual liberty, to the Constitutional safeguards, essential to the preservation of that liberty, and with refreshing courage maintains that the only way to preserve these, is to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

Were Mr. Franklin to issue a revised version of his book, he could utilize many facts not known to him at the time he wrote. What, then, has prohibition done to America? Or rather, in order not to use a *post hoc propter hoc* argument, what has happened since prohibition became the law of the land? The advocates of prohibition told us, some four years ago, that the Eighteenth Amendment would inaugurate the long looked for millennium. Has it done so? Foolish question. Matters have gone from bad to worse and today all thinking people are appalled at the official reports of political corruption and grave increase of crime carried in the news columns of our papers.

Attorney General Daugherty, in his annual report to Congress, admits that the liquor smuggling business is the "most gigantic criminal problem the United States has ever faced" on the high sea. He makes no explicit reference to *terra firma*, but, judging from his detailed report the liquor question is the most gigantic criminal problem the United States has ever faced *on land*. Here is the millennium that National Prohibition has brought us. In 1923, 42,730 criminal prohibition cases were disposed of; 1,600 more than in 1922, and 42,730 more than in 1917. With reference to prosecutions under other Federal Laws, Mr. Daugherty reports as follows:

White Slave Act: increase of convictions of 32 per cent.

Motor Vehicle Theft Act: increase of convictions of 16 per cent.

Postal Frauds: increase of convictions of 36 per cent.

National Banking Act: increase of convictions of 236 per cent.

Anti-Narcotic Act: increase of convictions of 122 per cent.

Let us now journey to Maryland and see what prohibition has done there.

In the last eleven months there have been 67,885 arrests in Baltimore alone, breaking all previous records in the history of that city. Says Mr. Gaither, the Police Commissioner: "The figures are somewhat astounding . . . bootleg liquor and the general disregard of law constitute a condition of open violation of various other laws. Thousands of arrests are traced to illicit liquor traffic, in that disorder has been created, drunken men have become helpless on the streets and fights and brawls have resulted." According to Captain Joseph McGovern's report, 66 people committed suicide in the last eleven months, and there were 10,830 traffic accidents.

Let us look at Maryland's prison population, and be prepared for a shock. Every now and then some ignoramus of the A. S. L. tries to persuade us that the number of local convicts has shrunk. Not at all. Here are the statistics, based on official reports: On December 1, 1918, there were 783 male and female prisoners in the Maryland Penitentiary. Today, December 7, 1923, there are more than 1,015 male and female prisoners in the penitentiary, the females housed at the "Cut," an increase of 222. On December 31, 1917, there were 367 prisoners in Baltimore City Jail; today, December 7, 1923, there are 604 prisoners in the jail, an increase of 237.

Now let us journey out to Minnesota, a State in which national prohibition officers admit that local authorities have cooperated with them in enforcing prohibition. According to the official report of the Moderation League of Minnesota, the following evils have resulted from the enforcement of the Volstead Law and a local State law:

(1) 80 per cent increase in arrests for crimes in general; (2) 83 per cent increase in murders; (3) 46 per cent increase in drunkenness; (4) 625 per cent increase in drunken auto drivers; (5) 40 per cent increase in non-support cases; (6) 60 per cent increase in crimes against children; (7) 30 per cent increase in commitments of boys; (8) 100 per cent increase in commitments of girls; (9) 93 per cent increase in the number of alcoholic insane: And last but not least, 48 per cent increase in the number of unmarried mothers.

And this is the *millennium* prophesied unto us by certain wise folk from Ohio!

Baltimore.

JOSEPH J. AYD.

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1923

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The Supreme Court and Religious Authority

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the District of Columbia minimum-wage case presents many aspects of interest and importance. The case was argued before eight men all of whom, it may be admitted, are judges learned in the law. No exception can be taken to their honesty of purpose, to their diligence, to their concern for the public welfare. It may be further assumed that they were not influenced by any hope of political or financial advantage, for the issue offered none. In a word, the judges were both capable and disinterested.

Nor did the case itself involve points of exceptional difficulty. The minimum-wage law, and the Federal Constitution by which it was to be tested, were before the eyes of the judges. As to the particular facts and issues, there was no controversy. They were a matter of record admitted by all.

Yet taking the undisputed facts of record, these learned and upright men arrived at mutually exclusive conclusions. The majority held that beyond doubt the enactment in question was unconstitutional. A respectable minority, in an opinion of considerable force, held that beyond doubt the enactment in question was constitutional. In a separate opinion the Chief Justice, aligning himself with the minority, based his judgment on reasons which, apparently, did not commend themselves to the other members of the minority.

If a group of learned and disinterested men can examine a plain, brief document, the Constitution of the United States, and arrive at opposite conclusions, at what conclusions will they arrive who examine the Holy Scriptures, a long and exceedingly complex set of books? The reli-

gious debates in New York which are now scandalizing earnest Christians, lend force to the query. The non-Catholic Christian cannot appeal to the supposed promise that the Holy Spirit will guide to all truth those who prayerfully consult the Scriptures. As a matter of plain history, this alleged assistance, which is nothing but another form of the so-called right of private judgment, has led to the formation of hundreds of jarring and discordant sects. Nor can he appeal to convention or conventicle, to covenant or creed. All these, by admission, are of purely human origin.

Jesus Christ Who is God, has bidden all men accept His truth under pain of eternal damnation. Of themselves, men are unable to find this truth in its plenitude and Divine precision. There must be an authority somewhere, to guide, to teach and to rule; not a human authority, but an authority which is of God. It is not in the Holy Scriptures. It is not in man's own heart. If Jesus Christ be accepted as very God and His words as Divinely true, it follows that this authority resides solely and exclusively in the society which He founded and commissioned to guide, to teach, and to rule all men to the end of time. One Church alone claims that commission; one Church alone exercises it. In a world rent asunder by social and religious strife, every man who will can hear her, the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, as she speaks with Divine authority, "This I teach, define, command." For the voice of Peter is the voice of Christ.

Senator Walsh on "Nationalized Education"

AT the instance of Senator King of Utah, an address on the Towner-Sterling Federal education bill, delivered by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts at a meeting of Massachusetts teachers, was printed in the *Congressional Record* for December 15. The address contains an excellent analysis of the bill, and a clear statement of the reasons which have been alleged for and against its adoption.

Drawing his final conclusions, Senator Walsh aligns himself with the opponents of the measure. In the first place, the Towner-Sterling plan "will injure education and the Nation as a whole by making the education of the country a football of partisan politics." The Senator has no difficulty in making this probability clear in a few words. If there was ever a project which the Government should have managed quickly, effectively, and honestly, it was the care which the whole country demanded should be given to our disabled soldiers. Yet even the incomplete reports of two distinct Senate Committees on Investigation show how shamefully partisan politics was allowed to cripple, and in some localities to destroy, the work of the Veterans' Bureau. Since the proposed Department of Education would function under equal or even greater disadvantages, Senator Walsh believes that if the Veterans' Bureau affords "any criterion of the efficiency with which an educational bureau would handle our school problems,

then let us be prepared for an orgy of incompetency, neglect, delay, procrastination, and graft." The indictment is strong, but no one who knows the subtle and insistent power of partisan politics at Washington will admit that it is overdrawn.

Senator Walsh's second objection against the Towner-Sterling bill is that it destroys the principle of local control of the schools, and will lead, ultimately, to the nationalization of many other local interests and activities. The Federal Government cannot "subsidize" the schools of the respective States, unless it controls the use of the money thus appropriated. Hence even the advocates of the plan are forced to concede that it does not extend its benefits to all schools without discrimination, but to those only which meet certain scholastic standards. In its original form, the old Smith-Towner bill particularized these standards in detail. Strong opposition forced a revision; but taking the bill even with its most recent amendments, it remains true that the Department of Education could soon force plans and courses bearing the Federal stamp on all the public schools of the country, by the simple process of refusing to certify appropriations to States in which the local boards had declined to approve the Federal programme. Thus the control of the local schools would be transferred from the States to Washington, thereby establishing what President Goodnow of Johns Hopkins has correctly termed: "a most dangerous usurpation of power that will undermine the rights of the people."

Evidently, this process would destroy local independence and initiative, and for it substitute Federal influence and control. The result, almost inevitably, would be a "levelling process," and a stagnation fatal to true progress in education. The local community is usually the best judge of its own needs. If its own citizens cannot decide what is best, and, at the same time, what is possible in educational work and polity, but must have recourse to a political bureaucracy at Washington, then our experiment in representative democracy is an utter failure. The statement that Washington can succeed as an educational monitor where the States have failed, is a pure assumption, incapable of proof, and, to do them justice, the most recent defenders of the Towner-Sterling plan have not attempted to prove it.

The tendency to increase and enlarge bureaucracy at Washington, with all its red tape and duplications of offices, is regrettable. It is another effort to remove government from the people. It is a blow at local self-government. In a word, it is undemocratic. We have been drifting rapidly toward bureaucracy; let us call a halt at nationalization of education.

Fundamental in this controversy is the principle that by the Constitution no power over the local schools is conceded the Federal Government. It is fatal to believe that we shall find an agency for educational progress in a Federal education bill which would destroy this principle of the Constitution to place the local schools under the control of a Federal political bureaucracy.

Popular Literature

THE publishers of the English translation of Papini's "Life of Christ" announce that more copies of that book were sold last month than of the two dollar fiction books that they handled. The *Bookman's* monthly score, which is a canvass of the libraries of the country, gives first place to the same book. The conclusion is that a worthwhile book will get a hearing if the reading public is given a chance to know about it. Popular literature need not be silly to be popular is a further conclusion that is worth the attention of publishers.

It is very interesting to note the hue and cry that is invariably raised by publishers in defense of popular literature whenever book censorship comes up for discussion. The rights of the people are appealed to, the great freedom-loving American people who know the books that they want. The press takes up the cry and wisely remarks on the prerogative of its own freedom. The point that is never brought out is that the reading public is very completely dependent on the publishers. For the reading public at large is not a critical public. It takes its books on the say-so of the advertiser or the reviewer who is often more of an advertiser than a reviewer. The rise to popularity in the field of modern writing generally goes the road of clever advertising. We are an advertising nation as much as the English are a nation of shopkeepers and popular literature becomes popular even when it is not literature if it gets into a working partnership with advertising.

This indeed puts a very clear obligation on book publishers. They are in the advantaged position. The author depends on them to get his book before the public. The public too depends on them for a supply of reading matter. What a great advance would be made in the field of popular literature if the publishers drew up a resolution declaring: "We will go back to fundamentals in art and stand by the good, the true and the beautiful. Nothing that fails to meet this canon will come off our presses." The result would be fewer and better books, fewer near authors and more real authors and a popular literature worthy of its name.

Another Censorship

IT is the belief of Professor Phelps of Yale that the next legal prohibition to be established is censorship of the stage. With many, connected neither with the theater nor with any "reform" organization, Professor Phelps regrets its coming. Nothing short of real genius can devise a censorship which will not violate the liberty to print and speak, guaranteed in the Federal and in our State Constitutions, and genius today is not easily found. The measures which our legislatures will be asked to consider will, in all probability, be the product either of a man who opposes all censorship, or of one who is indifferent to the effect of his bill upon a valuable constitutional guarantee.

At the same time, it would be folly to deny that the American stage needs reforming. Several trade magazines have expressed this opinion in language so explicit as to leave no room for doubt as to the evils to be removed, but it is unfortunate that a certain group of metropolitan managers have not seen fit to heed the warning. While it is probably true that a clean and wholesome play will ultimately provide a larger financial return than a performance which panders to what is worst in man, these managers have acted on the theory that there is always a market for moral filth. Occasionally they raise the cry of truth in art and in literature, but they are interested in neither one nor the other, nor in anything except large and quick returns from the box-office. Thus the American stage seems to be at the mercy of a group of stupid and ignorant men, fully as blind to their own best interests as were the distillers of ten years ago when, in spite of a growing public distaste for their ways and works, they insisted upon increasing the number of disreputable saloons.

It will not do to refer sarcastically to the opponents of the immoral stage as "Play Censors and Other Morons," as a writer in a New York weekly review has recently done. These "play censors" may be ill-advised, but they are not "morons." The great majority of them are intelligent men and women, prominent in religious, educational and civic activities, who know quite well the power and the extent of the evil which they propose to destroy. More to the present point, they are determined upon its destruction. It is regrettable that the needed reformation cannot be brought about by the force of public opinion, but at the present moment public opinion has sunk low in the moral scale. If censorship of the stage is added to the lengthening list of attempts to make men moral by statute law, the blame cannot be laid wholly, or even in large part, upon the reformers. Prevailing conditions considered, these have acted with remarkable patience and restraint. The real cause is to be found in the degraded beings who have been suffered to commercialize vice on the American stage.

Literature

Close of the Best-Ten-Books Symposium

ON December 31, after three months of a highly interesting and thoroughly successful discussion, the voting on the best ten Catholic books published originally in English during the last century, will be brought officially to a close. Business practise countenances the custom of granting a few days of grace. Besides, our sympathy goes out to those who are afflicted with the failing of invariably arriving at the station as the engine emits its first few puffs of departure. In addition, the first announcement having been made on October 6, in order that a full three months of voting be completed, the final compilation could rightly be delayed until January 6. Joined to all these reasons, time must be allowed for the reaction to this the final appeal for more votes. Hence the letters that come breathlessly scurrying in at the last moment of the old year will be included in the final list. But the date of January 6 is the last possible date on which communications will be considered. The canvass will then close, the flaps will be lowered and there will be no admittance even by crawling under the tent. The full returns of the election, it is hoped, will be ready for publication in the issue of January 19.

Apart from the value attached to the content of the lists of books, the discussion has been rich in human interest. The basis of judgment by which the books were evaluated was as varied as it was human. Many founded their preferences on literary merit, others on the Catholic viewpoint, while a large number simply followed their feel-

ings without analyzing them. One contributor rated his choice on "the law of love of the good, the true and the beautiful." Another asserts "the ten books which have most influenced my thoughts and actions is the inspiration of my list." An extrinsic norm was adopted by the lady who drew up her list as "the books she would be proud to recommend to her Protestant friends." A lengthy letter contains a deeply scientific discussion on the possible meanings and implications of the word "best" as applied to Catholic books. Mr. W. H. Wickham, writing from Montreal, summarizes the matter thus: "As far as I can judge many have chosen from the following standpoints: some have voted for the ten most popular Catholic books; some for the ten that have the most influence; others for the ten they think are the best and still others for the ten they like the best. Possibly the ten best books would be found among the catechisms and prayer books." The catholicity of norm has in no way invalidated the value of the canvass; rather it has furnished data for determining the more fundamental question of what qualities constitute the best books.

Many correspondents in their modesty excused themselves for presuming to cast a vote on the best books, and protested that their choice was of no great value. To these, assurance is given that every list is of solid worth, for it is by little grains of gold dust that the twins can do their work. A more militant purpose characterized others who cooperated in the canvass. "One incentive in drawing me to the preparation of this list" admits a contributor, "is that your readers, who so far have responded with their selections, have been consistently unobservant." An-

other verdict is "some of the books named provoke a smile"; accordingly she submits an unsmiling list. A number of letters bristle with the zest of combat. "I can withstand, unmoved, criticism of this list by anyone except those who have included (author's name is here charitably deleted) in their lists. Ugh!" asserts a correspondent who like many others submitted a list to neutralize the vote in favor of some ennui-begetting book. So vivacious has this phase of the discussion become that the idea suggests itself of conducting a counter-cavass on the worst ten books in which there would be no restriction on discharging porcupine-quills. "I wished to have my say" is the reason alleged by many writers; they could not play the part of "The Thinker" while such an animated conversation was dinning in their ears. They had something akin to the feeling of the gentleman who writes: "I have been witnessing that 'best ten' spectacle somewhat in the manner of a fellow who feels he has a 'home run' in him somewhere, but sits, perforce and very melancholy, on the bench while a perfect ninth inning crisis lies in the laps of the gods." Other lists came from that class which is the joy of the pastor's heart. As one letter expresses it: "Were I to fail to send such a list, I should feel disloyal and lacking in appreciation to the Catholic writers to whom I owe so much." These estimable Catholics cooperate out of a sense of duty, because it is a Catholic affair, and is deserving of support and cooperation. That is true loyalty. May there be many lists and more lists, whatever the motive, before January 6.

Like the correspondent who prefaced her list with the remark "these are the best books I have read in the last hundred years" we subjoin a group of lists by authors of the last century.

Mr. Theodore Maynard, writing from San Mateo, California, confesses:

You attack me on my weak spot; for I am an inveterate maker of lists.

Lingard's "History of England"
Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua"
Patmore's "Collected Poems"
Alice Meynell's "Essays"
Alice Meynell's "Collected Poems"
Thompson's "Collected Poems"
Chesterton's "Orthodoxy"
Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse"
Belloc's "Four Men"
Butler's "Benedictine Monachism."

There are, of course, several other books that cry for a place in my list. . . . But I do not think these as good as the others I have mentioned. They lack the final touch of greatness.

Rev. James J. Daly, S.J., whose brilliant pen has frequently enlivened the columns of AMERICA by exceptional literary criticism, fortifies his list by a discriminating commentary on each book. Since space prevents its publication here, his splendid evaluation of his favorite books must be reserved for another issue.

With considerable diffidence, which reflection does nothing to dissipate, I submit the following as the best ten Catholic books published in English during the last century:

"Apologia Pro Vita Sua".....Cardinal Newman
"Idea of a University".....Cardinal Newman
"Development of Christian Doctrine".....Cardinal Newman

"Grammar of Assent".....Cardinal Newman
"Present Position of Catholics in England"....Cardinal Newman
"Dream of Gerontius".....Cardinal Newman
"History of England".....John Lingard
"Wanderings in South America".....Charles Watterton
"Poems".....Francis Thompson
"Spiritual Conferences".....Frederick Faber

In making this selection I have been determined by the principle of extent and permanence of influence exerted by the various books which occurred to me as worthy of consideration in a choice of the best ten. Cardinal Newman takes up a lion's share of the allotted space. But Cardinal Newman was a lion. He occupies a position in the past century for which we can find no analogy in history except that of a Doctor of the Church.

Dr. Austin O'Malley, in addition to his great versatility in other matters of interest, is a student of the philosophy of literature and an authority on books in general. He presents three complete lists, and for good measure adds as a postscript a dozen other titles. His first list follows:

O'Curry. "Ms. Materials of Ancient Irish History." After Keating's work this is the best book on ancient Ireland we have.
Newman. "Idea of a University."
Francis Thompson. "Poems," including the prose rhapsody on Shelley.
Daniel O'Connell. "Orations."
General Sheridan. "Personal Memoirs." The man that even Grant called "one of the greatest of generals."
Wiseman. "Fabiola." The best book to put in the hands of a boy.
Faber. "Foot of the Cross."
Tom Moore. "Poems."
Chesterton. "What's Wrong With the World."
Bishop O'Brien. The Preface to his "Irish Dictionary."

From Switzerland, Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy has hurried her tribute of best books:

I have been like so many caught up into the discussion of the "Ten Best Books" and beg to submit the following as my choice. They are all conceived and carried out in what the French call the "grand manner."
"Henry VIII and the English Monasteries".....Cardinal Gasquet
"Collected Works".....Francis Thompson
"Poems".....Alice Meynell
"Poems".....Coventry Patmore
"Apologia Pro Vita Sua".....Cardinal Newman
"Callista".....Cardinal Newman
"The Faith of Our Fathers".....Cardinal Gibbons
"Fabiola".....Cardinal Wiseman
"The Conventionalists".....Monsignor Benson
"The Path to Rome".....Hilaire Belloc

Few excel the compiler of "My Bookcase" and the editor of the hundred volumes that comprise "The Bookcase Series" in extensive familiarity with Catholic publications and balanced appreciation of their worth. Rev. John C. Reville, S.J., found it difficult to limit his choice to the following "ten inch bookshelf":

"Present Position of Catholics in England," by Cardinal Newman. To the gold and silver always present in Newman, it adds the gritty ruggedness of an iron alloy.
"Poems," by Francis Thompson. No English lyric poetry surpasses in truth and originality of thought, in emotional surge, in splendor of imagery, "The Hound of Heaven," the odes to the "Orient" and the "Setting Sun," the "Lilium Regis," etc.
"The Formation of Christendom," by T. W. Allies; diffuse in detail, but marked by loftiness and amplitude of design; a philosophy of history on the master-lines suggested by St. Augustine and Bossuet; "there is nothing like it in the English language." (Cardinal Vaughan.)
"Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman. The colorful picture of two civilizations; a pathetic tale of the Catacombs and the Colosseum, glowing white with the lilies of virginity, encrimsoned with the roses of martyrdom. *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis!*; a best seller in many languages, including Arabic.
"Oddsfish!" by Monsignor Benson. A tragic tale of adventure, love and Christian sacrifice woven on a background of momentous

historic events. Scott never wrote a more fascinating story. "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons. "From their fruits you shall know them," thousands brought to the light of Faith rise up and call this little volume, blessed. "Collected Works," by O. A. Brownson. Brownson was the "master mind of America" (Brougham), a Catholic Hercules demolishing hydra-headed error, not with delicately damascened blade, but with a two-handed broadsword. "The Creator and the Creature," by Frederick W. Faber; a solid, logical and eloquent exposition of the most important problem men have to solve; an apologia for the rights of God. "The Key to the World's Progress," by C. S. Devas; a compendium of the philosophy of history; worthy continuation of the works of T. W. Allies and James Balme. "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries," by James J. Walsh; the Book of the Deeds, the Book of the Art, the Book of the Words, of a splendid age, opened and interpreted to us; the reading of it will make Catholics lift up their heads; its publication marks a date in the history of the Catholic revival in the United States.

As a final announcement to all electors in the best ten Catholic book poll, no lists will be considered after January 6, 1924.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S.J.

A Summons to the Colleges

WHILE many requests have been received of late from several colleges asking for an extension of the time limit of the canvass, black silence broods over many from which we confidently expected to awaken an echo to our invitation. Both reasons are potent in our decision to postpone the date set for the close of the college voting from December 31, 1923, to January 20, 1924. Judging by the appreciation expressed in many letters in regard to the enthusiasm and interest aroused in the student body by a well directed campaign concerning the best Catholic books, it seems that many college faculties are missing this opportunity to enliven and invigorate the teaching of their literature departments. Precept is necessary and theme work is essential in the English courses, but culture and vision are predominantly due to extensive reading of good books. The "College Choice" phase of our canvass of the best books was devised primarily to cooperate with the college faculties in an effort to spread the knowledge and appreciation of our rich Catholic literary heritage. An urgent invitation, therefore is again extended to all the Catholic colleges, as well as the graduate and professional schools, to Newman Clubs and like organizations, to take a local vote on the best Catholic books and to send the composite list to the Literary Editor.

THE CRIB'S TROUBADOUR

*Hail, Assisian! Little shade
Of Christ, dispense to me
Your hardic wealth as alms to aid
A brother's poverty.*

"Thou art Beauty!" Francis sung,
"Yea, Goodness come to earth;
And Thou art Truth Whom seraph's tongue
First carolled at Thy birth."

"Thou art Beauty!" chimed the Choir
He lured from Song's Above,
To chant the visioned crib in byre
That he had built for Love.

"Thou art Beauty!" psalmed his heart
To Mary's Self-lit One;
While she as Moon, yet unapart,
Reflected sheen of Sun.

"Thou art Beauty!" sung the saint,
"Oh, limn us all with Light,
As hidden solar fires paint
Self-sparks on yonder night!"

"Thou art Beauty!" echoes hymned
To Babe, and Sire afar,
That wintry dawn when Nature dimmed
Her Lord's snow-wounded star.

"Thou are Beauty!" Francis breathed.
And lo, that Christian morn
The Seraph of the Passion wreathed
Him bard with Beauty's thorn!

*Hail, Assisian! Little shade
Of Christ, dispense to me
His wealth of grace as alms to aid
A brother's poverty.*

FRANCIS CARLIN.

REVIEWS

Sodality Conferences. By REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. \$2.75.

Father Garesché's latest book should prove invaluable to Directors and sodality officials, and of great interest and profit to every sodalist who is desirous of a right knowledge of the purpose and spirit of the sodality. Much of the success of any particular sodality of Our Lady depends on its members' knowledge and observance of the carefully prepared and approved sodality rules. The "Sodality Conferences" of the present volume explain the revised rules of 1910, though the exposition of the rules is somewhat subordinate to suggestions regarding their use and application. Those rules are more briefly touched on which are explained at greater length in an earlier book by Father Garesché, "Children of Mary." Frequent reference is made to the author's "Social Organization in Parishes," a complement of the present book, and equally necessary for all concerned with the management of a sodality. The secondary aim of the sodality, external works of zeal, is given fuller treatment therein, whereas in "Sodality Conferences" more stress is laid upon what pertains to the personal sanctification of the members. The book is well indexed for ready reference, and will, moreover, furnish interesting and profitable reading at sodality meetings.

H. J. P.

Things Seen on the Riviera. By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

Two Vagabonds in Spain. By JAN and CORA GORDON. New York: Robert M. McBride and Co. \$4.00.

The lure of the Romance countries is ever present to the traveler from the North. The beauty of Spain and the charm of the Riviera, that bit of Mediterranean coast between Marseilles and Genoa, are a theme that will never grow threadbare. Not so long ago, the Riviera had little to recommend it except its historic background and wonderful winter climate. Today, during the season, it is the gathering place of the world's fashion and wealth. It is a land of contrasts now. Above, clinging to the sheltering Alps, are, side by side, ancient strongholds of the Saracen and shrines of the Madonna, while below by the blue sea, are sumptuous hotels, the villas of the rich, and the world's premier gambling palace. "Things Seen on the Riviera" is an admirable pocket guide for it tells everything worth knowing about this interesting

locality, with sufficient historical matter to satisfy the more intellectual tourist. The numerous half-tone illustrations are unusually good. The second book is the record of the experiences of two English artists, man and wife, who plan a trip of several months to the picturesque villages of southern Spain with a view to sketching and painting for a London Exhibition. But the "vagabonds" are not vagabonds in the real sense of the word; after a very little practise, they learn to match the keen bargaining temper of the natives by their own shrewdness and their need for economizing. The book is interesting for the almost photographic accuracy with which it portrays the life of the poorer people of southern Spain. "We wonder if civilization has anything to give to these people," the writer (the wife) patronizingly exclaims. "They live simple, straightforward and pleasant lives, tempered, it is true, by sickness and pain and sometimes by privation; but it would be a rash man who would promise to give them greater store of valuable things than they already have. They have a wisdom stored up in a thousand witty proverbs, and for their leisure they have the guitar and their songs." How could she forget their religion, the source of their greatest happiness. As in so very many travel books, when the author does speak of the faith of the Catholic people, her strong religious prejudices mar her narrative.

F. R. D.

My Diplomatic Education. By NORVAL RICHARDSON. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3.00.

To the publisher's notice of this most entertaining book unreserved approval may be given. The day after the idea of entering the diplomatic service had been suggested to him by a friend's casual question, the author tells us he was on his way to the Capital. His reception there was characteristic of his State Senator, John Sharp Williams, and of pre-Volstead days. Examinations had recently been instituted for candidates for the diplomatic corps, and after a two-months' intensive course of study under private tutors, he was fortunate enough to pass successfully. The author's education for, as well as, in diplomacy, may be said to have then begun. Mr. Richardson's first experience was as secretary to the legation at Havana. After two years there, he was transferred to a field of greater social activity in Copenhagen. Rome was his next post, and the chapters, "A Neutral Embassy," "A War Embassy," and "A President in an Embassy," describing the visit of President Wilson to Rome, are replete with interest and humor. Santiago and Lisbon were the author's next diplomatic posts, and his last duties at Tokio afford opportunity for an entertaining description of this most interesting city and its people. The importance of the work of our representatives abroad is stressed in the last chapter and, indeed, impressed on the reader throughout the book. Social enjoyment should not by any means be the motive to attract a candidate to the service, nor, on the other hand, should he be repelled by its present rather meager pay. The author's statement may be applied to other vocations than diplomacy when he contends that "a congenial profession that paid a living was a more satisfactory way of spending one's life than one that produced a fortune but left an utterly exhausted man to enjoy it."

H. J. P.

The Genesis of the War. By H. H. ASQUITH. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$6.00.

"This book is in no sense an autobiography," remarks the former British prime minister in the opening sentence of his preface. By that fact it is distinguished from the many other war books by the many other war statesmen and commanders. The personal pronoun is non-existent; the role of the self-apologist is missing; the volume is a record of European diplomacy and British political policy, well documented, ably and entertainingly

written, and purely intellectual in tone. The origins of the war, the lining up of the nations against the rising danger of Teutonic ambition, the Imperial organization and preparation for the conflict which appeared to be inevitable, are all told with thorough scholarship and with that finish of style and thought characteristic only of able thinkers and well trained doers. In only two places—where he speaks of the "reckless credulity" of the Kaiser, and where he talks of the same ruler's "spiritual inebriety"—has his style seemed to get the better of his restraint. The book is not argumentative, except perhaps in those passages devoted to showing the real measure of British preparedness, but its wide range of pertinent facts marshalled into narrative form lead but to one conclusion and one point of view: a conclusion and a point of view favorable to British foreign policy from 1888 to 1914. It is the most sober, and the best book on the questions with which it deals by any of the actors on that critical international stage.

E. C.

Memories of the Russian Court. By ANNA VIROUBOVA. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

As credentials to the accuracy of her testimony, the author of this apology can claim friendship with the Russian Royal Family during a period of some twelve years, beginning shortly before the Japanese War and continuing down to the triumph of Bolshevism and the consequent Siberian exile of the family of the Czar. The primary object of the book is to give to the reading world a true picture of the character of Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nicholas II, and to acquit her of the false accusations made against her by her "bitter enemies, the Provisional Government and the Bolsheviks." They claimed that she had betrayed, or had attempted to betray, Russia during the war and that her relations with the notorious Rasputin were other than spiritual. In defense of the Czarina, the author introduces her readers into the intimate circle of the Royal Family at Tsarskoe Selo and Livadia and Homburg and makes public the personal letters sent to her by the Empress from exile at Tobolsk and Ekaterinaburg. She studies at close range the characters of the Emperor and Empress over whose heads the storms were breaking, the Japanese War, the assassination of Grand Duke Serge, the establishment of the Duma, the rise of Bolshevism, the oscillating domination of Kerensky and Trotsky and Lenine. The unbiased reader cannot but conclude with Anna Viroubova that "before all the world, before the historians of the future, Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia, stands absolved."

J. W. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Moderns: XI. Arnold Bennett.—In his early twenties, the young person of literary ambitions should confine himself to poetry and short stories; wide experience of life, up and down and through it, is requisite for the novelist. Mr. Bennett had passed the gosling age before he wrote his first novel at the age of thirty-one; this was in 1898. It was not till ten years later he accomplished what critics call his best book, 'The Old Wives' Tale.' Since that time he has made up for his lack of precocity by an unremitting industriousness. He is preeminently the novelist, though he has written many plays, a few philosophies of little things and a lot of fugitive miscellanea. An author who has been as fertile as Mr. Bennett must inevitably have collected a lot of driftwood in his pile. In the way of morals, respectable people will not care to read a great deal of his work. The fact that he is purely materialistic and utterly naturalistic, forbids a general recommendation of his novels. His characters display as much spiritual soul as the so-called dawn man. He is, besides, realistic enough in the wrong sense to revel in the sordid phases of life, and very few of us are raised aloft by sloshing through the mire of the written underworld.

The real secret of Mr. Bennett's popularity is undoubtedly his artistic skill of a graphic and gripping delineation of persons and places and things. He has the uncanny power of adding stroke upon stroke of outline, daubing it with varicolored paints, and thus giving a perfectly detailed picture. His scenes and his people are as well marked as the picture on the screen. He is thoroughly cinematographic. As most of his former novels, Mr. Bennett's latest book, "Riceyman Steps" (Doran. \$2.00), portrays the life of the lower middle classes. He writes of squalid places and insists on the fact, and yet does not repel one from them. He chooses utterly stupid characters, drudges and hacks, and portrays them as interesting because of their dumbness. Elsie, the charwoman, is in reality dull and drab; but she rivets attention because of what Mr. Bennett sees in her. Mr. Earlforward and Mrs. Arb, who marries him, are far from pleasant people; neither are they stimulating; but they are impressive because of Mr. Bennett's art. As with the characters of the novel, so with the incidents. They are homely and drab and of themselves extremely ordinary. But they are told by Mr. Bennett and are therefore difficult to forget.

Fiction.—In some of her former novels, Mary S. Watts seemed to have some of the qualities that must adorn the future author of the Great American Novel. Her latest book, "Luther Nichols" (Macmillan. \$2.00), though highly interesting is neither compelling nor distinctive. It tells of the degeneration of a country boy, of German ancestry and manners, into a worthless city American. The vital point of the book is the clash between Juliet of the classes and Luther, a type of the masses. Neither of these strata of society has much to recommend it in the analysis given by Mrs. Watts.

Fanny Hurst, in "Lummox" (Harper. \$2.00), has written a remarkable book. She drags the reader through every phase of society, from a filthy lodging house to the ultra-refined home of the multimillionaire where money has replaced charity. She touches on nearly all the social problems. Though the pictures that she draws are certainly sordid, one feels that she has not overdrawn the truth. The staccato style of the author may be annoying, but no other style would have served such a story. The book cannot be indiscriminately recommended.

Despite an excess of introspection, "Nowhere Else in the World" (Appleton. \$2.00), by Jay William Hudson, is a readable book. A young Chicago literateur, seeking in Paris that atmosphere of art in which his spirit can breathe more freely, finds that Paris has nothing to offer to one who has met with financial reverses. On his return to Chicago he endeavors to follow the impossible ideals and dreams which had lured him to Paris. A fortunate accident brings him to realize that by understanding and appreciating his fellow man he may obtain a peace found nowhere else in the world.

After having read the "Valley of the Giants" and "Cappy Ricks," one feels that Peter B. Kyne has somewhat slipped in his latest novel, "Never the Twain Shall Meet" (Cosmopolitan. \$2.00). The story is so highly improbable that it leaves the reader with the feeling of the man who has had a dish of meringue instead of a dinner.

There is a charm of the long ago in the quaintly written and quaintly printed and edited sedate extravaganza, "Jennifer Lorn" (Doran. \$2.50), by Elinor Wylie. The book reads like an old-time chronicle and must prove interesting and delightful to all those who care for the manners and the peoples of the past. Fortunately, the book has very little kin with the popular and racy fiction of the hectic days on which we have fallen.

A small-town girl is the central character of the delightful story, "Ananias' Daughter" (Dorrance. \$1.75), by Alice Garden. When Barbara Ann grows up, she and Jimmy announce their engagement, but a lie told in a fit of jealousy mars their

happiness for many a day. But Barbara Ann has the courage to acknowledge her fault in such a unique way that it should not here be told.

Those who have read Louis Hémon's beautiful story of "Maria Chapdelaine" will be utterly disappointed by the publication of seven short stories by the same author under the title, "My Fair Lady" (Macmillan. \$2.00). Few who delighted in the daintily pictured Canadian idyl would imagine that its artist could daub on another canvas the drab details of the drunken orgy of "The Last Evening," or offer such a contrast to the winsome Marie and the wholesome pastoral atmosphere of the habitant's clearing, as "Lizzie Blakeston," morbid-mad suicide. The reader who wishes to retain a pleasant memory of Hémon will refrain from reading these stories.

There is pleasant variety and richness of content in the month of short stories, "31 Stories" (Appleton. \$2.50), by Thirty and One Authors, edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott. This collection is the gleanings, not of a year's output, but of the best British tales of a decade and more. It has generally been assumed that the United States is superior in this department of creative writing, but the selections in this volume may offer reasons why that assumption may be challenged. For the stories are artistic and for the most part well plotted and well executed. Apart from its interest as a story book, the volume might be studied as a text-book.

Strange Tales.—Children like stories. Strange to say, or rather not strange to say, human beings no matter how old, always remain childish in this respect at least, that they love to hear recounted the wild imaginings of the long ago. "Stories from the Early World" (Seltzer. \$2.50), by R. M. Fleming, tells in a most interesting way how the older peoples of the world imagined and created. It also gives an indication of the workings of the human mind under certain conditions; in a word, the conditions that favor the weaving of folklore. All the stories selected by Miss Fleming are entertaining and they are made the more attractive by the insertion of many superb illustrations.—The short allegory of thirty odd pages, "The Richest Jewel" (Stratford. 60c), by Shirley E. Holcomb, features one Cadmar and a symbolic disk of gold, mystic, wonderful. The writer has evidently aimed at a medieval atmosphere and a biblical simplicity, and though the outcome is sublime, there is nothing very spiritual in the rest of the narrative.

For Boys or Girls.—The young people who read "Fighting Westward" (Scribner. \$1.60), will be eager for Aline Hayard to publish the other books that are to follow in "The Young Pioneer Series." The scene of this tale is the open prairies over which a caravan of pioneers is blazing a trail into Oregon. The characters are red blooded boys and girls, undaunted either by the hardships and the dangers of the journey or their capture by hostile Indians. These children were of the race of heroes, and the recital of their adventures in Miss Havard's thrilling book is an inspiration for the children of today.—The hero of "The Young Knight" (Page), by I. M. B. of K., lived in one of the most thrilling periods of all history. When the boy, Michael Faversham, knelt before the altar of the Great Knight, he drew into his own weak frame the courage of true knighthood. At Rhodes, in prison, at perilous St. Elmo against a horde of Turks, the youth followed steadfastly the way of the cross, and in the end practised the greatest Christian and knightly virtue, forgiveness of an enemy. Such a book as this, thrilling, simple and glistening with high motive will appeal to the chivalry of boys.—Both profit and enjoyment are to be found in the latest volume of "The Woodcraft Series" entitled "American Boys' Book of Birds and Brownies of the Woods" (Lippincott. \$2.00), by Dan Beard, the founder of

the first Boy Scouts Society. He writes of the woodland people, furred, feathered and scaled, and gives a wealth of valuable instruction in the writing.—There is another of the Marjory-Joe's series out; but this time the Rosemary Twins hold the center of the stage. In "Marjory's Discovery" (Page. \$1.50), by Alice E. Allen, we have a rather enjoyable girls' story, which is somewhat hard to follow unless we have read the other books of the series, for there are quite a number of young folks in the book and grown-ups too.

Education

Newman and Catholic Colleges

THE contest dealing with the best ten Catholic books, conducted by AMERICA, was productive of so much good that it will seem like bad form to introduce the jarring reflections of certain college professors. These declared, however, that our students are little acquainted with their own best authors and that of the few writers thus known an intimately critical knowledge is practically non-existent. With due allowance then for pedagogic pessimism and with an eye rather to the future, let us put the quite reasonable question, Is the ideal of these professors attainable? And if so, how?

It was along a similar path of thought that I pleaded in a previous article the cause of Newman's "The Idea of a University." Two reasons were then urged: the Catholic cultural value attached to this masterpiece and the literary superiority freely accorded it by non-Catholic critics. These last have since increased their ranks by the addition of Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing. In his "Education, According to Some Modern Masters," the learned president of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, treats of Newman in a very sympathetic and, of course, capable manner and that too in a galaxy that includes Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Mill, Gladstone, Arnold and Goethe. What is education according to John Henry Newman? Dr. Thwing asks. The answer given in excerpts, taken principally from "The Idea of a University," is in the summing-up of the Cleveland educator "full of meaning, and his whole conception of the nature and functions, of the purposes and results, of that educational process is pregnant with lasting lessons to the mind and the conscience of man." Furthermore, a better portrayal of Newman's distinctly Catholic culture can hardly be imagined than:

He sought in practice and in writing to reconcile scientific research with theological development. He wished to create in the same personalities able thinkers and loyal Roman Catholics. He sought within the same academic halls to erect the altar of faith and the chemical laboratory. He desired to create and to nurture a religious education which should be liberal and liberalizing to the minds of the students, and also to promote a liberal education which should confirm their belief in the traditions and doctrines of his historic Church.

But Newman is far from being a one-book author. As a practical, though partial solution of the difficulty mentioned in the beginning of this paper, "The Present Posi-

tion of Catholics in England" might well be considered as a useful text-book. It is perhaps more appealing to the run of college students than "The Idea" and is equally certain to "create in the same personalities able thinkers and loyal Roman Catholics." It offers all advantages for thorough study. Though delivered seventy-two years ago in the Corn-Exchange of Birmingham, its matter is, alas, only too fresh in our American minds of today. For it deals with bigotry, that "incompleteness or hiatus in the very structure of moral nature." We have but to substitute present-day names for those of the middle of the nineteenth century and there is imaged before us a vivid picture of our own times, and parts of our country. And so the charge levelled against most English text-books that the theme is not "up-to-date" is vain against this work. Naturally then the professor is not forced to expound its merits in this connection.

Again, the skill with which the Oratorian here cuts deeply and exposes the cancerous growth of his subject-matter makes clear to us that the diagnosis of the English disease of 1851 is identical with the American malady of 1923. Nor have the succeeding generations been taught anything in the art of rhetorical and dialectical surgery that was unused by the learned Oxford convert in his Discourses to his Brothers of the Oratory. The very fact that the lectures were delivered to an every-day audience rendered it necessary that they should be popular in treatment. Newman, with a true master's ability of expression, accommodated himself to his environment and we find the author of "The Idea," who according to a critic, could rise to a climax on an abstract process of reasoning, now conversing in familiar but eloquent language with his mixed audience. This last fact is no doubt an added motive for introducing Catholic college students to a cultural course in Newman through "The Present Position of Catholics in England." They will scarcely rest satisfied with one perception of refining literary aesthetics, but will be eager to pursue other works of the illustrious champion.

The Catholic spirit of this book, it need scarcely be said, is very outstanding. The Cardinal's genuine affection for the Church is nowhere more clearly manifested than here, where he assumes the part of a volunteer advocate for her, who is the test and confutation of all false churches. [Her enemies must] therefore get rid of her at all hazards; tread her down, gag her, dress her like a felon, starve her, bruise her, features [if they] would keep up their mumbo-jumbo in its place of pride . . . The dazzling brightness of her glance, the sanctity beaming from her countenance, the melody of her voice, the grace of her movements, will be too much [for them].

He proclaims his loyalty to her, even at the price of his blood: "I only say, that if it were to be a time for calling out the Martyr's spirit, you and I, through God's grace, have it in us."

Again, the ideal painted for a Catholic college graduate is that of a zealous layman. To forming such, the work and prayers of Faculties are directed; to explaining

such, speeches innumerable and excellent have been written. Yet where can we find a clearer, more concise and beautiful expression of it than this climax of "The Present Position"?

Oblige men to know you; persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. . . . You have but to aim at making men look steadily at you; when they do this, I do not say that they will become Catholics, but they will cease to have the means of making you a by-word and a reproach, of inflicting on you the cross of unpopularity.

Nor can any one, according to Newman, avoid personal responsibility.

Look at home, there lies your work; what you have to do, and what you can do, are one and the same. Prove to the people of Birmingham, as you can prove to them, that your priests and yourselves are not without conscience, or honor or morality. If, then, a battle is coming on, stand on your own ground, not on that of others; take care of yourselves; be found where you are known; make yourselves and your religion known more and more, for in that knowledge is your victory. Truth will out; truth is mighty and will prevail.

If, then, to matter, so Catholic in its entirety, is added undoubted literary grace of form, we have a work that should compel by its completeness serious study on the part of college students. The adroit development of the Man and the Lion fable and the artistically ironical sense of the Russian mob, harangued in truest demagogic style, which occur in the very first chapter, are quoted in various anthologies of literature. The onomatopoeic description of how

spontaneously the bells of the steeple begin to sound (with their) swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with a nervous intenseness, and quickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes . . . at the faintest whisper of Catholicism

is a poetic prose rival of Poe's brilliant verse. It is then no exaggeration to say that the book abounds in literary gems of spontaneous richness.

But a further reason for studying "The Present Position" as a text-book could easily be had from the viewpoints of dialectics. The explanation of bigotry, its nature and sustaining foundation, its accretions, its properties, the attitude of Catholics towards it, the best warfare against it, these are all developed with a clearness and an appeal that touches not only the mind but the heart as well.

Some one may object: granting that "The Present Position of Catholics in England" has exceptional literary merit and Catholic cultural value, why insist at all on such a study in colleges? An adequate reply, it appears to me, would bring in the whole idea of our Catholic higher education. Our colleges profess to teach the liberal arts, for a two-fold end, the one negative, the other positive. The first can not be overestimated. Sad experience tells us of the poisonous draughts that are imbibed at other fountains. To know that he prevents this disaster is a con-

solation to the priest or religious teacher. But how can he accomplish positive good in the lecture hall? This is the spectre-like question that chills many a zealous professor. It tries him constantly to use instruments of textbooks and matter that have no semblance to the positive end he purposes. In answer then is the contention of this paper: in Newman's "The Present Position" we have at least an English medium that is ideally literary and positively Catholic.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

Sociology

Building Conditions and the Home
AS we "listen in" Sunday after Sunday to the *Annalist* we are more and more impressed by the building needs of the country, arising chiefly from the shortage of labor, both skilled and unskilled, that afflicts the building interests. According to the *Annalist*, there is a woefully inadequate supply both of materials and of men. Builders and contractors are hampered in making estimates for prospective structures, and time-limitations in their contracts have been practically eliminated from their agreements. For the most part contracts are drawn up on the "cost plus" basis, a very unsatisfactory and highly expensive plan, and one that is possible only where requisite funds are immediately available. For the small home builder, whose ambition is to erect, possess and occupy his own house, paying for it from his ordinary earnings, the "cost plus" system is practically impossible. He can forecast no reliable relationship between his income and the final expense in his home building. The big contractor will not ordinarily accept his small project, and the lesser firms are not in a position to meet the variations that confront them in the unsettled prices of materials, and the wages of workmen. These variations are very uncertain, often abrupt, and frequently arise from causes completely outside the control of the contractor. Who, for instance, would be rash enough to predict the time that plumbers will spend in the work necessary for the equipment of an ordinary house?

Not long ago a professor of chemistry found it imperative to enlarge the accommodations for the increased number of students in his chemical laboratory. This entailed an addition of about twenty new faucets and basins, and in a number of places considerable delicacy and skill were needed that proper adjustment of joints and some unusual angles might be made. Intelligence and clever workmanship easily overcame the obstacles, but that clever workmanship and intelligence was not displayed by the plumber or his workmen. It was done by the chemistry professor himself. After many and most exasperating interruptions and delays, running through the entire month before the opening of class, the professor took off his coat and collar, and getting down to his shirt-sleeves, in two days of very strenuous labor, completed

the alterations himself, without aid from any one. When this protracted holiday was ended the journeymen-plumbers rambled into the laboratory, found the work completed, discussed the situation between themselves, and then deliberately set about dismantling the whole thing. The professor happening along, brought their dismantling activities to an abrupt halt. The workmen protested vigorously that they had been deprived of a three weeks' job, claiming that they had expected, when they had left, that there was fully that much time required to finish it. The professor told them that it had been done in two days. This information elicited a torrent of abuse against the workman who had accomplished it; "he was a scab," "he was disloyal to his fellow-workmen," "he was crabbing the union," "he was an interloper," and a vast number of other things, many of them unprintable. The professor, sensing the humor of the situation, induced the irate couple to examine the work, and after a careful and critical inspection they grudgingly admitted that the work was most commendable, there was not a flaw in it. Then the professor quietly told them that he himself had been the workman. The irritated plumbers departed with the threat that they would "get even" with somebody for the treatment they had met. And doubtless they did "get even."

Again, what contractor, even among the big ones, would dare predict the fluctuations that will occur within the next year in the cost, for example, of steel, or of transportation, or of workmen's wages, or of the new phase that has recently entered into the contractor's calculations, viz., the architect's demands for direct recompense not only from his original patron, but from the contractor as well?

The idea that every property-owner, no matter how modest his holdings, is an employer and therefore a member of the capitalist class, seems to have taken firm hold of the minds of laborers. The fact that he is an employer ranks him with the predatory rich. He is a capitalist, and therefore must be compelled to contribute to the welfare of the laborer! This mental attitude shows how deeply the reiterated assertions of Socialism have penetrated the minds and hearts even of those who indignantly repudiate any semblance of sympathy for Socialism.

The present writer not long ago had occasion to hire a domestic servant. A young Negro presented himself, and after a moment's conversation inquired about the wages. He was told that he would be given seventy dollars a month, payable on the fifteenth and last day of each month. The colored boy, picking up his hat, said: "Them wages might do for a school teacher; but to offer them to a working-man is an insult." With that he left, and has not returned.

With dispositions such as these pervading the working-man's brain, and conditions as above described facing the contractor, what possible chance is there for an honest man to establish a home of his own. He wants a home

wherein his children may have an old-fashioned chance for real family life and development, where the wife of his choice may reign as mistress of her house, mother of her children and queen of her little realm, a place where he himself is master and husband and father. Statistics assert that today more than seventy per cent of the total population of the United States rent their living-quarters. Congested rented apartments are not homes. They are conducive neither to the physical nor the spiritual welfare of their occupants, often they are actually harmful to both. Legislative enactments relieving builders for a period of years from taxation may encourage capital to invest in tenements but no enactment of law can ever undo the terrible damage inflicted on society by the loss of the home. Tenement life is not home life. If our beloved country is to endure, and if the wholesome virtues of religion, best learned in childhood are to be taught the little ones, home life must be restored. The simple and sweet virtues of the little household of Nazareth are unconsciously absorbed in the innocence of youth. Example and daily experience are the great teachers. And these, in all their simplicity and wholesomeness are found in their entirety, not in the tenement, but in the home. But unsound economic conditions, and perverted educational propaganda are disintegrating the family by destroying the home.

M. J. SMITH, S.J.

Note and Comment

The Dividends in Deaths and Injuries

THREE hundred and forty-four metal miners were killed and 26,080 injured in 1922. These are the figures made public by the United States Bureau of Mines. They imply that out of nearly every 1,000 metal miners three workers gave their lives and 268 sustained injuries. Yet experts in safety work declare that such accidents are largely due to the refusal of metal mine owners properly to safeguard the laborers. If so, it would not be the only instance where we are placing greater value on property than on human life. In the stone quarries, during the same year, approximately four were killed and 241 injured out of every 1,000 employed.

Papal Appeal to America for Starving Germany

A DIRECT and strong appeal is made by the Holy Father to American Catholics to aid in preventing the utmost extremes of famine and privation in Germany. In a cablegram sent to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, the Pope thus expresses his urgent plea to us through his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri:

By order of the Holy Father I send your Excellency this telegram and solicit for it all your attention and all your zeal. Your Excellency can have only a faint idea of the economic situation in which the people of Germany are struggling. All are in want, but especially in the cities the working people and those

of the middle classes are literally facing starvation. In the winter, which has already set in, besides the lack of food there is the want of necessary clothing; so that freezing is added to hunger. It is needless to say that because of these privations, children, the aged, and especially pregnant and nursing women, are perishing. Such is the truth well known to the Holy See, to which from every part of Germany hands are stretched out begging for help.

In the face of this sorrowful spectacle it is not the time to ask who is responsible for it. Rather, it is the duty of all those whose hearts beat with sentiments of humanity and Christian charity to come as quickly and as effectively as they can to the aid of these poor victims, who, surely, cannot be held in any way responsible.

To this end the Holy Father, having exhausted whatever means, moral and material, were at his disposal, appeals to all the good and generous Catholics of America. Your Excellency will please provide, in the best way possible through the Bishops and Special Committees, that food and clothing be sent to the people of Germany.

The words of the Holy Father's appeal fully confirm all that has been said by AMERICA of the distress now reaching its culmination in Germany. The N. C. W. C. News Service adds the information that Archbishop Hayes of New York has already appointed a Catholic Charities Clothing Committee, over which Bishop Dunn will preside as chairman and which will be in direct contact with the Caritas Verband in Germany. It is feared that without these timely measures the famine and plague of the Russian winters of 1921 and 1922 might now find their counterpart in Germany.

Let Us Hope It Was a Mistake

SEVERAL correspondents, burning with indignation, have sent in to us a clipping from the New York *American*, in which the writer sardonically outrages the most sacred convictions and feelings of Catholic readers, insulting in a regardless and flagrant way hundreds of thousands of fellow-Americans in his own city. "Take up this insult to our Immaculate Mother," says one of the letters that just comes to hand, "and refute the foul impressions made." The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is sufficiently vindicated in its proper place in our Catholic literature without need of expounding it in this brief note. But what concerns us here is the wanton insult thrown in the face of Catholics. Beginning with a gratuitous falsehood and a vile slander, the article in question is filled with venom against Catholics and against the Church, imputing to the Holy Father himself the most sordid motives and treating with a flippant disrespect what others hold religiously sacred and dearer than life itself. The present writer can hardly recall when he has been shocked so deeply.

That this screed was apparently inserted as a paid advertisement, finding its place in that section, could in no way excuse its admission into the paper, since its acceptance for the sake of money could no more render such a transaction ethical than the acceptance of an advertisement inciting to incendiarism and homicide, to which in fact such calumnies have often led in the past and are just as

likely to lead again in the future. We trust it was admitted without due knowledge of the responsible management, or else the Catholics of New York would be forced to look up and say: "So this is the New York *American*."

The Best Ten in "Osservatore Romano"

THE voting in AMERICA for the "Best Ten" Catholic books written in English during the last hundred years, has not only drawn the attention of almost the entire Catholic press in the United States, it has also elicited favorable comment from the press abroad, and that in the highest quarters. The great Roman daily, the *Osservatore Romano*, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, graciously noticed it at the head of its editorial column on the front page of the paper. That the *Osservatore* should thus prominently bring this Catholic book-referendum to the notice of its readers goes far to show that the referendum was something worthwhile, and that the Roman paper judged it as an effort fully in harmony with its campaign for sound and noble literature. The brief but encouraging editorial comment, from a paper falling daily under the eyes of such an expert, such a scholar and writer as the Holy Father, who spent so many years in living and personal contact with great books and precious manuscripts in the Vatican Library, must have been read by Pius XI and shown him the interest taken by American Catholics in a cause which is so dear to him and which must recall the happy days—which he passed amidst the eloquent silences of a great library.

Norway About to Lift Ban Against Jesuits

FROM Christiania comes the news that the old Protestant proscription of the Jesuits in Lutheran Norway is likely soon to come to an end. A proposal for the abolition of the law which singles out the Society of Jesus for exclusion from the Kingdom was to be brought before Parliament by the Norwegian Government. The London Catholic News Service reports in detail:

Some months ago the possibility of such a measure was outlined, but practical expression to this more enlightened feeling has come rather sooner than the small Norwegian Catholic community had dared hope to expect. As far back as 1907 the bars were let down against the Catholics, by the abrogation of the decree that excluded members of Catholic Religious Orders generally, though the ban against the Jesuits retained its legal force. Political Protestantism still exists in the country, and from this section it is quite likely that some opposition may be brought against the Government's proposal.

Priests of various Religious Congregations are working in Norway now, but they have not established regular communities. Catholics are in the hope of acquiring by purchase one of the pre-Reformation monasteries in which a monastic community will then be formally established.